

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXII. }

No. 1766.—April 20, 1878.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXVII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

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DEATH'S CHANGED FACE.

SWEET Saviour, since the time thy human feet
Trode thirty years our parched and dusty
ways,
How hath the wilderness of life grown sweet
With flowers and warbled praise!

How hath the heavy mist that wrapt us round,
The weary mist of tears and soul-wrung
sighs,
Lifted, and bared to us the blue profound
Of God's far quiet skies!

And more than all, how hath a gracious change,
To poor scared men that slunk with flutter-
ing breath,
Passed o'er the face, that erst was stern and
strange,
Of thy strong angel, Death!

Lo, through the mazes of a tangled wood,
Nowhither bound, we groped through vistas
dim,
While shadowlike amid the shadows stood
Old Death, the archer grim.

We deemed his face was pitiless and blind;
Shot all at random seemed each whirling
dart,
Yet none did fail a resting-place to find
In some wrung, quivering heart.

And there, with withered limbs and sightless
stare,
Down in the drenchèd grass the victim lay,
What erst was man, erect and tall and fair,
Now shrunk and fading clay.

And over him in dull and hopeless pain
The mourners stood, sore stricken and per-
plexed:
"He lieth prone; he will not rise again;
And who shall fall the next?"

O sweet changed face! We see, we know
him now,—
Rent the thick mist that blurred our strain-
ing ken,—
Death: of all angels round the throne that
bow,
Most pitiful to men!

Through the dusk chamber where the watchers
weep
Slowly he moves with calm and noiseless
tread,
And o'er the weary one that longs for sleep
He bends his gracious head.

"Poor eyes!" he saith, "long have ye wept
and waked;
I come to bid your tears and vigils cease."
"Poor heart!" he saith, "long hast thou
yearned and ached;
I come to give thee peace."

"Be of good cheer," he saith, "world-weary
waif.
One sharp, swift step, and all the way is trod:
Through the heaped darkness I will lead thee
safe
To the great light of God."

A sharp, sweet silence smites the tingling ears.
How snow-like falls the peace upon his
brow!
Hark! happy mourners, smiling through their
tears,
Whisper, "He sleepeth now!"
Good Words. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE EXPLORER.

LUCRECE.

OUT of the unknown into the known,
From the infinite sea to the sea of time
Cometh a voyager, sailing alone,
Steering with confidence all sublime
Straight to the land of joy and rest:
The tropic isle of his mother's breast.

Little he cares whether hall or cot
Shelter his shallop from wind and wet;
Cotton or velvet, he heedeth not—
Peasant or lord—they are nothing yet!
Crown for head, and sceptre for hand
Are toys and playthings in baby-land.

Oh, but he finds out wonderful things!
The dome of his cradle high and wide;
The drowsy sense when the mother sings;
The swinging ebb of the outward tide,
Which somewhere underneath him seems
To drift him into the land of dreams!

Then wide awake, from the distance dim
In far, mysterious realms of space,
A soft, bright moon doth rise for him:
The tender round of his mother's face.
In this wide world finds he charm on charm,
As he rides round the room on his mother's
arm.

Smiles and tears in your bonny eyes,
Shine and cloud on your coral lips,
Little explorer, out of the skies,
Searching out truth with your finger-tips!
You know not yet, as we old folks know,
There is nothing new in this world below!

Ah! What disdainful looks you cast—
Captain, who sailed from the unknown
shore!
Rogue's eyes answer me: "Not so fast,
Filling my ears with your well-worn lore;
Baby or fairy or sprite or elf,
You'll find I am something new myself!"

Golden Rule.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
A BROAD-CHURCH BISHOP.*

If there be a country in the world in which Episcopacy is on its trial, that country is Scotland. It is there exposed to the rivalry of a form of the Christian religion which retains the fundamental doctrines of the faith; it ministers to flocks composed of elements identical with those of the various bodies, Free and Established, around them; and it is inevitable that comparisons should be constantly drawn between the two polities — the Episcopal and Presbyterian. The spiritual results of each will be carefully scanned. The Scottish Church, like all branches of the ancient catholic organization, makes a high claim for itself; and the inquiry will certainly be made how far that claim is justified by facts, how far the intensity of spiritual force generated within her pale, how far the spiritual standard reached by her sons and daughters, recommends the claim made in her traditions and formularies to an organization of apostolic authority, to a ministerial commission transmitted through successive generations, direct from the Founder of Christianity himself.

Especially will such a severity of criticism follow the persons and the actions of the bishops themselves. Upon the catholic theory to which we have been referring, they are the foremost men of their communion — the *élite* of its entire ministry. It is true that the "gift which is in them" does not include personal infallibility, and has never been even supposed necessarily to guarantee learning, or ability, or even holiness of life. It has a strictly defined purpose, viz., to continue the ministry of the Church and to guarantee the grace of the sacraments. Whatever is not precisely involved in these objects cannot be supposed to be supplied by that which is confined to the attainment of them alone. But, nevertheless, the higher be the conception which is formed of the episcopate, the more exacting surely will be the tests applied to the men who are to bear and to exercise it; and any

church will be acting with criminal levity and disrespect of the gift committed to its guardianship, which selects, or suffers to be selected, any other than its foremost sons to fill an office so exacting and so august.

The episcopate may be characterized in fact as *the most highly vitalized* portion of the Church's organization, and the motive power of the whole. If even a part of its spiritual force be neutralized by its being committed to unfit men, — men, that is to say, whose natural powers or whose acquired habitudes do not work in harmony with the requirements of their office — men whose want of learning causes it to be lightly esteemed, whose secularity of temper finds a *spiritual* office uncongenial, or, worse than all, whose want of faith paralyzes spiritual energy, and saps with secret decay all the life of the dioceses entrusted to them, — then the Church whose chief pastors are such as these will find herself, just in the proportion in which their influence and example extend, unfruitful within her own borders and unable, perhaps even undesirous, to extend those borders; in short, she will have failed in her mission. Of so great importance to a Church are pious and faithful bishops. And in following this train of thought, which the perusal of the memoir before us has aroused in our minds, we by no means intend to prejudge the career of the bishop who is its subject, but merely seek to indicate some of the conditions under which it was run.

Alexander Ewing, first bishop after its revival of the ancient diocese of Argyll and the Isles, was born in 1814, at Aberdeen, and was therefore a Highlander *par sang*. His childhood was not eventful until the loss, when he was but in his fourteenth year, of his father by death, which was followed in the next year by that of his mother, and speedily afterwards of an only sister, thus leaving him and his brother alone in the world. We need not linger over his youth and early manhood. It was a scrambling kind of education that he got; first at one place, then at another; and for a considerable time not even the pretence of learning was kept up. The two youths received occasional attention

* *Memoir of Alexander Ewing, D.C.L., Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.* By ALEXANDER J. ROSS, B.D., Vicar of S. Philip's, Stepney. 1877. (Daldy, Isbister, & Co., 56 Ludgate Hill.)

from their guardians; but in a general way they seem to have lived where they pleased and done what seemed good in their own eyes. "It surprised their neighbors somewhat," says their biographer, "that two youths, without a tutor or other senior, should be left so entirely without any visible control over their actions." Well it might!

One consequence of this unrestrained freedom of action was that the elder brother became engaged to be married before he was twenty; but on the whole it answered better than could have been expected. The younger brother, John, was, indeed, afterwards brought under more systematic training at Oxford, was ordained in the Church of England, and is at the present time, we believe, rector of Westmill, in Herts. But with a brief attendance at some of the classes of the University of Edinburgh in 1834-5, Alexander Ewing's *status pupillaris* came to an end. The deficiency in theological learning, as in power of exact thought, which the inadequacy of his early studies left in his mind, cannot be said to have been ever quite filled up. The miscellaneous gatherings of his subsequent reading, which, however, seems to have lain but little along the severer and more arduous paths of literature, and the powers of a mind rather elegant than massive, enabled him to reach a respectable proficiency in one or two directions. But there was always an amateur air about most of his work. He never at any period of his life had any pretension to have gone below the surface of systematic theology; and the consequence was that he was always more or less at the mercy of theological quacks. What he might have been and have done, had his unquestionable powers been educated and bent to work in youth by serious and continuous training, and his memory stored with the elements of the higher knowledge, it is hard to say. For the present we resume the thread of the narrative before us.

He married in 1835, three months after he was twenty-one, and tried to settle down to the tranquil enjoyment of that "love in a cottage" which so many have dreamed of in their callow youth. He

does not seem to have felt the slightest need or desire for a *career* at this time. We hear nothing of any whispers of ambition, or any stirrings of latent powers in his nature. "Here I should like to live all my life," he says, "with Katherine and John, and my books and the river." But his Eden-dream was soon shattered by an attack of illness which came near being a fatal one; and a long, tedious convalescence, followed by a change of residence, opened new horizons in his life; and it is at this point that we hear first of an inclination towards the sacred ministry. He was attracted at first towards the English Church. "He had discovered," we are told, "and been attracted by the comprehensiveness of many of her great affirmations on the subject of the redemption of humanity; while life in an English country parsonage seemed to him the ideal of quiet beauty and secluded usefulness." But we are not surprised to find that he shrank from the labor and excitement of a career at Oxford or Cambridge, although encouraged by the Bishop of Winchester, to whom he applied on the subject, and ultimately he *drifted* by the force of events towards the ministry of the Scottish Episcopal Church. His biographer relates the circumstances which precipitated his decision at last, in a passage whose curiously infelicitous wording is characteristic, and will meet us often:—

He was led by a special combination of circumstances seriously to entertain the thought of applying for orders in the Scottish Episcopal Church. For there were those, and they too Episcopalians, who seemed to have been of opinion that Mr. Ewing was possessed of ministerial gifts which no ordination by human hands could insure, and on the 9th of March, 1837, a formal proposal was made to him to undertake the charge of the Episcopalian congregation at Elgin. This proposal he declined, chiefly on the ground of his own inexperience; but that it should have been addressed to him while still a layman, and only in his twenty-third year, by his own immediate neighbors, must be regarded as the highest testimony that could be borne by them to his religious character and intellectual endowment; and there is no doubt that this entirely unexpected manifestation of feeling on the part of the Elgin congregation first suggested the question

whether there might not be special work for him to do in the Scottish Episcopal Church (p. 35).

Still more odd are the circumstances that followed. This proposal from Elgin seems to have dropped; Mr. Ewing determined to spend one or two years abroad; and, *therefore*, "formed the resolution of applying for admission to the ministry of the Scottish Episcopal Church." We confess that after all the biographer's elaborate explanations, we are unable to understand the *therefore*; and we refrain from ascribing hypothetical reasons. The material fact is that he was ordained deacon by Bishop Low, of Ross and Moray, in 1838, without cure or title as far as appears, and left Scotland a fortnight afterwards to spend some years upon the Continent. On this we must needs observe with his biographer that the determination to give some years to foreign travel "might have been reason enough for deferring to a future day" this step of ordination. Probably his course was regarded as nothing unusual in the Scottish Church then. We have no reason to suppose that the same Church, in the earnestness of her great revival, would tolerate anything like this now. But in that day of small things in the sister Church it was then more unusual than happily it is now to find men of good family and competent fortune offering themselves for ordination; and they were eagerly accepted when they did come. Still, it is manifest that to treat the ministry as a mere ornament and subordinate adjunct of a country gentleman's life was not to give it its due; and there must have been a certain sense of unreality in a solemn ordination to the ministry which was followed by no corresponding action, and, for the moment at least, was treated as if it were of no account.

He remained abroad at Pisa, Lucca, and Rome about three years, living the usual *dilettante* life of the English abroad, but growing strong physically, and growing also in mental breadth and stature. His correspondence during this time is much occupied with Italian art, as was not unnatural.

In 1841 he returned to Scotland, was

ordained a priest by the Bishop of Aberdeen, and undertook clerical *duty* for the first time in the charge of a congregation at Forres. During some four years of quiet work in that charge, Mr. Ewing distinguished himself, as his biographer seems to think, by the part which he took in the controversies of the day. It may, at all events, be conceded that he had taken his line and declared it decidedly enough on two important questions—the disabilities of the Scottish Episcopal Church and the Scottish communion office, to which he thus early declared his hostility. He was now thirty-three years of age; and we are next to find him elected and consecrated Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. The circumstances under which he became bishop were somewhat peculiar.

The office of bishop in the Scottish Church is an onerous one; and apostolic as in other respects, so in this, that it is not burdened with the goods of this world. Bishop Eden, speaking in 1861 at London House on behalf of the Argyll fund, makes the remarkable statement that "the Scotch bishops for some years have been living on incomes of £127 a year, and that without any house or residence." We believe that matters are somewhat better now; but at that time it was evidently impossible for any but rich men to accept the episcopal office in Scotland. Mr. Ewing was a man of competent means, and did not need to depend upon the small endowment of the see (which never amounted to more than £270 a year); on the contrary, he spent his own private fortune liberally upon it in his early years as bishop. But the fact of the general poverty of the see tended most undesirably to limit the choice of possible men for bishops, and to make the selection turn, not so much upon learning or mental power or personal fitnesses of any kind as on the possession of pecuniary means to enable the bishop-elect to live independently of official emoluments, and to uphold in temporal matters the dignity of the episcopate. We are not saying that the other necessary pre-requisites were in practice neglected, but that they could not be made the *sole criteria*; and this was bad. Bish-

op Ewing himself draws the inference in a letter to the Hon. G. Boyle in 1855:—

In the Episcopal Church, according to the theory of its constitution, more than in any other system, it must always hold good that, "if the head suffers, all the members suffer with it;" and I am of opinion that, until something is done to enable us to hold our episcopates without constant pecuniary anxiety, no real good will be effected by our Church. It is true that we *can* get down wealthy men from England; but this mode of filling the Scottish bench does not develop the resources of the native Church, does not foster the real growth of the native plant. I do think that, if our bishops and deans could be provided with such means for the efficient discharge of their offices as are supplied even to the colonial bishops and deans, we should find the road opening to a better state of things in Scotland (p. 244).

Without undervaluing the many estimable qualities that afterwards showed themselves in him, it was probably more because he was a wealthy man than for any other reason that Mr. Ewing, a comparatively young man, and quite undistinguished in every way, was selected by Bishop Low to administer the re-founded diocese for which he himself had, with marked and splendid generosity, provided a modest endowment of £7,000. He was confirmed as bishop after some delay and demur, consecrated at Aberdeen in 1847, and seems to have thrown himself at once with great energy and devotion into the work of his diocese. "He was at once initiated," says his biographer, "into that locomotive amphibious kind of life which must be led by every Bishop of Argyll and the Isles who simply does his duty." He had made the circuit of his scattered diocese, we are told, before a month was over; and then at once proceeded to hold a synod of the revived diocese at Oban. His first charge, delivered at this synod, appears to us a very suitable one. It shows, indeed, already the signs of that disposition in the bishop's mind habitually to dissociate the sign and the thing signified—the outward and the inward—in the ordinances of the Church, and to depreciate the former, of which we shall see the workings later on. For the present the material interests of his diocese required his consideration; and no man could have set himself to have supplied these with more judgment and goodwill, nor, we may add, with more munificent liberality, than did Bishop Ewing. The scattered communities of Episcopalians in the Highlands and islands were sadly in

want of his pastoral care. "There were wanted additional pastors, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, churches, parsonages, schoolhouses, Gaelic Bibles and prayer-books." The synod service was held, it seems, "within the old abbey [at Iona], and was the subject of a sketch in the *Illustrated Times* of the day;" but "so great was the sectarian bitterness displayed by certain Scotch papers, that the Duke of Argyll was moved to write to the bishop a remonstrance on the invasion of his private property," a want of courtesy which seems scarcely credible to those who have no personal acquaintance with the rancor which theological differences can occasion in Scotland. The bishop was not without other reminders that his very existence was an offence to some of his Presbyterian neighbors, who seem hardly to have realized that the Church in Scotland had obtained even mere toleration.

In journeying to Iona, Bishop Ewing made the acquaintance of the Rev. H. B. Wilson, of "Essays and Reviews" celebrity; and on the return voyage of the steamer the latter, forgetful or unaware at the time of the relation of the Episcopal Church of Scotland to the great majority of the population, stood up and proposed, at the crowded dinner-table, a toast that he was sure would be specially acceptable to all present, "The health of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles." The English tourists on board were, of course, ready to drink the bishop's health; but the words of Mr. Wilson called forth from the Scottish passengers expressions and looks of utter astonishment, which for a brief space threatened to convert the dining-saloon into an arena of ecclesiastical controversy; but in the end the good-humor and good breeding of the majority of the voyagers prevailed (p. 141).

Besides this gentleman, whose zeal, it may perhaps be thought, outran, though very innocently and pardonably, his discretion, we find other well-known names with whom the bishop delighted to surround himself. Dean Stanley was an *habitué* of the new church at Oban; with Mr. Jowett the bishop maintained a close friendship; and his biographer relates how Dr. Sumner, the Bishop of Winchester, who had "come down to Oban rather disposed to regard the Church in Scotland as a very questionable daughter of the Reformation, with Laudian proclivities," went back with "an entirely new feeling of interest in the future of Episcopacy in Scotland," and ever thereafter maintained "a lifelong intimacy" with the "Highland chieftain," who was then the Bishop of Argyll. This we presume to be one of

the examples of the biographer's historical imagination; for, let a man have the dialectical skill and the gift of tongue of a Crichton, he could hardly produce such wondrous effects in a ten minutes' conversation.

It now, however, became abundantly clear that Bishop Ewing meant to take, or took without meaning, a line in the Scottish Church strictly analogous to that taken among ourselves by Dr. Stanley or Mr. Jowett. But, as the poet laureate says of another matter, he was

Not like in like, but like in difference.

He was broad enough in all conscience; but, as became his nationality, he was *broad with unction*. Other differences occur to us. His liberal views on religion were the outcome of far less culture and scholarship than those of his southern congeners, and, as a consequence, they were far less original. He took them up from time to time from one or another among more powerful thinkers; as, for example, Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, of whom the bishop wrote in his impulsive way, and with a momentary forgetfulness of his usual good taste, "He is the man of God, indeed, and with reverence I may say of him that he takes away the sins of the world from all who have the happiness of knowing him," and to whom he wrote still more strongly:—

Now as to your two letters, I cannot say what help and comfort they have been to me and others; for you know, my dear sir, I am but a medium for communicating your spirit rappings and sensations, a bank for issuing your notes. Stanley, Jowett, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Oxford (with the last of whom, *en route* here, I stayed three days last week), Miss Winkworth (who is here), and many others have read, and were all more or less benefited by them.

It is a most charming place. I wish you were able to come, or I to go and see you. I owe you more, dear sir, than to any man alive: *I owe you belief in God—in God as my and our true friend and Father.*

Mr. Campbell of Row, Mr. F. H. Myers, the author of "Catholic Thoughts," may also be mentioned as sources from which he derived *what was peculiar* (which, after all, was not much) in his theology. So far as it was original, it appears to us to be the common-sense method of a mind rather receptive and intelligent than powerful, and for the most part ignorant of theology in the scientific sense. He did not, we fully believe, know what treasures of divine thought there are in the "queen

of sciences," and would have been far more respectful to it had he known. He was so *good* a man, and so sincerely modest and deferential (as we have just seen) to those few men in whom he recognized the leaders of his mind, that it was a pity he allowed himself to adopt so violent a tone of partisanship, to use terms so disparaging and undignified in controversy as for example at the time of the Lambeth Conference; terms which stand now as an exception to his usual amiability and tolerance of disposition. His charge before his diocesan synod in 1860, also, belongs to this class of little-worthy utterances; indeed, the language which he uses in it about the catholic view of the holy communion,* calling it "an apparatus manipulated by a priestly caste, from contact with which alone eternal life was to be secured" (p. 304), and saying that, "according to the materialistic conception of the sacrament, the secret of Hamlet would be mastered by eating a bit of Shakespeare's body" (p. 305), seems to us simply horrible; and, considering the official character of the speaker, and the occasion upon which it was used, we cannot characterize it as it deserves without using strong language ourselves. His complete misunderstanding of the catholic doctrine is evident enough. And he had a *feminine* kind of way of jumping to conclusions which was also characteristic.

Going back for the present to the point we had reached before our digression, we find the next noticeable point in the bishop's career to be the Gorham decision in 1850 on baptism, and the action taken thereon. It is true that this "great liberating decision of the Privy Council," as the present biographer calls it, had no legal authority in the Church of Scotland, as the bishops took care immediately to make known. But the body of the Scottish clergy were laudably anxious that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration should not be compromised. The effect of the decision of the State was to make the question an open one in England, as far as the establishment was concerned. The Scottish clergy and most of the bishops were determined that it should not be so among them. A demonstration was immediately organized in support of the protest of Bishop Blomfield; and an agitation arose for a fresh definition of doctrine, which Bishop Ewing did his best to stem. He disliked, as we know, dogmatic "fetters"

* It was at the time of the Brechin and Chelmsford trials for alleged unsound doctrine on this subject.

each and all. In this case he had the further ground for opposition that any fresh doctrinal decision would "erect a fresh wall of partition between their own communion and that of the Church of England," which he held, not without reason, would be a "fatal blunder." For there can be no doubt whatever, that, if the Church of *England* has suffered grievously from its isolation, the Church of Scotland has very nearly died from the same cause; and that there is a real necessity that the smaller and the weaker community should seek in all respects, as far as is possible, to share the fortunes of its southern sister; and to recruit with the life-blood of a larger and richer organization the energies which unpropitious circumstances, and a poverty far from fully deserved, have sometimes caused to flag. And such a connection is almost as advantageous to England as to Scotland. Any step, therefore, which would have had the effect of hindering this intercommunion in the very smallest degree would have been a mistake; and it seems to us that their projected action would have been a mistake. It was eminently praiseworthy, and was prompted by the purest of motives; but it was a mistake all the same; and it was well, that, whether by Bishop Ewing or somebody else, it should be quietly shelved. Not that Bishop Ewing's plan of action seems to us in all respects admirable. His strategy was a little uncandid; and that he disliked the Aberdeen resolutions, although he gave his adhesion to them, is evident enough. His object, he says, was "*to prevent a general synod*, which would probably have undertaken to lay down some formula on baptism, which might have been the cause of severing our connection with the Church of England. To avert such a catastrophe, I went further than I had intended, as you will see; but I could not set myself in opposition to the words of our formularies, and the resolutions are almost entirely based upon them." Nor was there, if we are to take the following letter to his brother as representing a deliberate view of doctrine, any reason why he should so set himself in opposition:—

What I objected to in the Declaration was the Declaration itself; for I did not see that we were called upon to take any action whatever in the matter, and I do not think that we are affected by the Gorham decision. The Catholic Church has always held that some special benefit was attached to the due administration of the rite of baptism; and, so far, I

am not prepared to dissent from the teaching of the Catholic Church, and take part with the Zuinglians (p. 175).

In short, he was altogether right here. Not so in the matter of the Scottish communion office, "the Dagon of a Scottish office" as he called it. In this case, strong dislike of the doctrine which the formulary was supposed to teach, combined with his wish to efface all marks of distinction between his own and the English Church, to make him its most bitter and persistent opponent; and we shall find him in later years making effort after effort to get rid of it.

At the present time his mind was full of another scheme, and one which could hardly have been entertained by any other bishop of the entire Anglican communion. This was nothing else than to settle himself in Turin as a bishop *unattached*, and supply episcopal ministrations to the non-Catholic Vaudois—or as he puts it in a letter to his brother:—

I think it not unlikely that a bishop representing the Church of England, and whose mission it would be to form a centre of unity for the descendants of the "slaughtered saints" among the Vaudois, and for others who are claiming liberty of faith in Sardinia, would be acceptable in Turin. . . . This position for a year or two would suit me delightfully (p. 227).

Strange as it may seem, this preposterous scheme was a pet project of his, and one which he made great efforts to carry out, going so far as even to make a public appeal for funds. But after endless correspondence, the plan fell through the hands even of Bishop Ewing and his friends. Cooler thinkers pointed out that the *English* population of Turin was at all times small and essentially fluctuating in character, that there was little probability of the Italian Protestants caring for episcopal ministrations, and a *great* probability that the Italian government would regard such a mission with marked jealousy and disfavor; if indeed they had not put a *veto* upon it altogether. In short, the thing *would not do*; this those persons who were in an authoritative position gave Bishop Ewing distinctly to understand, and its abandonment followed of course. It does not seem to have occurred to any one of those concerned, what an enormous and unprovoked breach of Church order and propriety it involved; for it would not have at all fallen under the shelter of the principle upon which the Gibraltar bish-

opric was founded, upon British territory and for British subjects.*

It was not surprising, considering the views which Dr. Ewing† held, that this should not have occurred to him in the least; and as a matter of personal choice to be made by himself the scheme had much to recommend it. The climate of Scotland had been too severe for his always feeble and uncertain health. He "talked with Bishop Trower about going as a missionary bishop to foreign parts" (for which, with his feeble health, he was most unfit), in order to live in a milder climate. Then the pecuniary responsibilities of his diocese (from which he had all this time but 270*l.* a year of income) were too heavy for his means. So he writes to his brother, his constant and confidential correspondent:—

I am almost afraid of my ability to carry on the work of this Argyll bishopric. The expenses are very heavy, and the continual journeying is as laborious as if I were a bishop in New Zealand. I have not as yet obtained the income arising from the endowment of the see, and I have had to sacrifice no inconsiderable amount of my capital. If this kind of expense goes on, in the event of my being called out of the world my children would be ill provided for. I have, therefore, been thinking of offering myself as a missionary bishop to our Church. Some years ago a proposal to send out such a missionary from the Scotch Church was mooted, but no definite action was taken in the matter. In fact, the project was reckoned premature. I have no doubt it would receive a more general support now, and might be carried through. I believe the Bishop of London would lend it all his influence, and our Church would give to the mission all she now contributes to the various missionary societies. Probably Australia or a Pacific island would be the spot or sphere chosen (p. 189).

However, all these various plans came to nothing; and at length he resolved to bear to the end the burden laid upon him in Scotland, and we hear thenceforth no more of projects for removal. But to the end of his life, we are told, so persistent is a fixed idea, he remained of opinion that in the Turin scheme a great opportunity had been missed.

We must pass over, without special notice, the bishop's efforts in furtherance

of the Highland emigration fund, to relieve the widespread distress among the Highlanders, caused by the failure of the potato crop, and go on to give some slight sketch, so far as it is narrated here, of Bishop Ewing's connection with the college at Cumbrae, the munificent foundation of the noble family of Boyle. The Church in Scotland has sometimes been accused of "lairdism." But if the "lairds" were always willing to display a similar liberality to that shown during a long series of years, in the foundation and nurture of this college, the charge would become the highest title to honor of the laity of the Scottish Church; and specifically, the clergy would ere this have a less inadequate provision than the pittance which, in some dioceses, is to this day all they receive. As to Cumbrae, after being originally founded in 1849 by the present Lord Glasgow, then the Hon. G. F. Boyle, for the training of theological students to minister as clergy in the diocese of Argyll and the Isles only, it has gradually extended its scope until it is at the present time one of the two great feeders of a native ministry to the Scottish Church. To the same liberality it owes the imposing pile of collegiate buildings, of which the central portion is a noble cathedral church, occupying the island of the Little Cumbrae in the Frith of Clyde, which is some three miles long by two broad.

The objects of this foundation were of a pious and catholic kind, and the language of the statutes recalls those "ages of faith" with whose noble benefactions this institution may of right be classed. Its intention was to further "the worship and service of Almighty God, by daily prayer and frequent celebration of the holy communion." There was to be a provost and three to six canons, and, besides being a theological college, it was to be a centre for clergy to be habitually engaged in mission work somewhere in the diocese; and the bishop was to be provost. Accordingly this noble gift, with a suitable endowment, was made over by the founder to trustees, representing the diocese of Argyll and the Isles, and solemnly accepted by the synod which met at Lochgilphead in 1853, when a unanimous and well-deserved resolution of thanks was returned to the donor. The following year the bishop was himself installed as provost; and we find him writing to Lady Glasgow of "the ceremonies of the installation, the splendor of the evening services, and the solemnity of those of the next day. . . . Our services in church and

* "One of the Oxford authorities, while warning him against 'the Waldensian heresy,' said, greatly to his surprise, 'You are surely far more needed in your own country, to proclaim there the Church's great message of the redemption of all mankind by Christ'" (p. 235).

† We ought to have mentioned that he had received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in 1851.

meetings for various purposes are really doing us all good."

But these bright anticipations were too soon overclouded. The ritual and service at Cumbrae fell under what was, we have no doubt, very unmerited suspicion. The bishop began to "feel a difficulty in being officially connected with an institution which was generally regarded with extreme suspicion as a seminary established for the diffusion of anti-Reformation principles" (as they were then understood, it may be, in Scotland). In 1858, when the declaration on the eucharist was causing wide-spread strife throughout the Scottish Church, we find the bishop observing that it was "hot at Cumbrae." In fact, in the 1860 synod of Argyll and the Isles, Mr. Cheyne's case was brought forward by Mr. Cazenove, Mr. Keigwin, and Mr. Mapleton, the first two being canons of Cumbrae, which thus espoused the condemned eucharistic doctrine. An English visitor, a clergyman, observes on this:—

Whether Cumbrae, with the tone of mind prevailing there, is a benefit to your brother's diocese, seems to me a question. Whether Episcopalians there look to their Church as a means of sustaining their inner life, or whether they regard their ritual only as the expression of a high-caste religion, seems to me also a question. My complete ignorance of course suggests these questions; and I speak of them only as questions, and not as convictions. Mr. Boyle himself, beyond a doubt, looks to his Church in its best and highest sense (p. 307).

There was undoubtedly a wide divergence of opinion from the first, and it grew wider as years went on. The bishop was altogether out of harmony, not only with the authorities at Cumbrae, and with the religious and catholic tone which the founder had with sedulous care impressed upon the place, but with the entire body of clerical opinion throughout the Scottish Church. And so, after holding the provostship for thirteen years, though his connection with the college was not much more than nominal, it was felt by him too irksome to be borne, and he severed it. We are anticipating somewhat the course of events; but we shall complete our view of this episode in the bishop's career if we insert here the letter, dated 1866, in which the bishop expressed to the founder his resignation of the office of provost:—

The fact of my having, in all probability, to be abroad for the next three or four months, induces me to come to a conclusion on a subject which I have long had on my mind, and which I feel ought no longer to be delayed—

my resignation of the office of provost of the college. I need not say with what regret I have formed this resolution, but I feel that it is due both to you and to myself. I am of no active benefit to the college, and I feel that my spirit is not in unison with that which is most precious to you. You may feel quite sure that this resignation which I now make is prompted by no greater divergence on matters of opinion than that which existed between us from the first. My acceptance of the office was prompted by the difficulty which existed at the time of finding a suitable head; that difficulty does not now exist. No one, I conceive, could be found more suited for the post than your present excellent vice-provost, Mr. Cazenove, who has had so long experience of the work. In severing my nominal connection with the college, I hope I do not sever any real bonds between us. Believe me, I shall ever retain for you and yours a feeling of the deepest honor and friendship (p. 457).

It should not, however, be imagined that the bishop's personal relations with the staff of the college were other than most kind and cordial throughout. The personal winningness and amiability which were remarkably characteristic of Bishop Ewing prevented the theological divergence ever hardening into a rupture of friendliness. And he more than once withstood attacks made by others upon the institution. And when (we have been told) an alteration of the canons of the Scottish Church appeared to discountenance the use of the simple vestments which had always been worn at Cumbrae, the bishop, far from taking advantage of this to urge their discontinuance, said that he did not read so the new canon, and would be sorry to see the vestments discontinued.

When he had divested himself of *responsibility* for the college his kindly interest increased. He was in the habit of attending, whenever he could, the meetings of chapter; and it was, we are told, "the dearest wish of his heart to see the collegiate church raised to the position of cathedral of the Isles; and on the last occasion when he was present in chapter, he expressed himself strongly on this head. Owing to the peculiar circumstances of the college at that time, he was unable to see his wish realized, but the difficulties having at length been removed, one of the first steps taken by his successor was to carry out his wishes in this respect."

In 1856 Mrs. Ewing died; and the bishop, a man who was always, as we have seen, particularly home-loving and affectionate, was heart-broken. His letters at

this time, though inexpressibly touching, breathe an utter depression and complete abandonment to sorrow, too absolute, we may say, or at all events very unusual for a man. He says himself in one of his letters, "No man understands me — I fear I was intended to be feminine!" He felt acutely the deprivation of a helper the strength of whose character seems to have made up what was wanting in his own; and some of the letters are so unreserved in their expressions of feeling, that we almost doubt whether they should have been printed. A sorrow, so full and overshadowing, so almost bitter at times (p. 271), would naturally be peculiarly open to the beneficent influences of time. He grew calmer and more resigned after some years, and in 1862 he married, for the second time, Lady Alice Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Morton.

Meanwhile his work went on; and he was brought face to face with that subject which had already been, and continued still more to be, one of the great preoccupations of his life, — the doctrine of the eucharist and the Scotch communion office; for 1857 had seen the issue by Bishop Forbes of his famous charge on the doctrine of the eucharist, which at once "alarmed the Protestant feelings of many, both of the clergy and laity," and was freely stigmatized as "Romanizing and materialistic" — terms of opprobrium, whose meaning it may be fairly questioned whether many of those who used them understood. An episcopal declaration which Bishop Ewing, after some hesitation, signed, condemning the Bishop of Brechin's views, proved insufficient to calm the storm; and a formal trial for unsound doctrine was resolved on.

The bishop's hesitation arose partly from his dislike to new "definitions on the eucharist," and partly because he thought a more drastic measure was needful — the disuse of the Scotch office. He had long disliked it as "Laudian," and as an obstacle to "identification in all points with the Church of England." In his own diocese, he had, as far as he could, put an end to its use; and he would fain have done so universally. Now the time seemed favorable for an attempt. So he went into print with his "letter to the primus," which he followed up by a motion (in the synod that condemned Bishop Forbes) to depose the office from its position among the formularies of the Church; but even here he had *not one* supporter. Then came on the charge against Mr. Cheyne, and by this time Bishop Ewing was him-

self senior bishop,* and presided at Mr. Cheyne's trial, though without voting or taking any active part in the proceedings.

In fact, he could not have spoken at all without seeming to affront the right reverend brethren by whom he was surrounded, for while agreeing with the majority of them in their beliefs as to the symbolic significance of the holy communion, and while he could not regard with indifference the blundering materialism of Mr. Cheyne, he deprecated from his inmost heart all doctrinal persecutions. He shrank from "definitions of the undefinable," and, in the present instance, his rooted conviction was that the prosecution struck the wrong object. The sentence of indefinite suspension was pronounced by the synod against Mr. Cheyne, but Bishop Ewing could not record his vote in favor of "a judgment involving penal consequences" (p. 285).

"Mr. Keble," he writes immediately afterwards, "was at the trial, and left to-day in very low spirits. We all thought Mr. Henderson too much for the Bishop of Brechin. As to the judgment itself, I should be prepared to move that we should not deliver any penal sentence, and chiefly on the ground of our sanctioning the use of an office for the holy communion which teaches we know not what. So long as that is used, similar troubles must and will arise." He expressed sentiments strongly resembling this, besides entering fully in his usual *a priori* way into the doctrinal aspect of the question in his charge this year (1860). For this he was (justly as we think) exposed to the reprehension of his brother bishops, one of whom told him that "he deserved a presentment."

The two following years were marked chiefly by the institution in London of an Argyll episcopal fund, which was very successful. By its success, the bishop was reimbursed some part of the great pecuniary advances he had made for his diocese, and may be said to have been freed from anxiety upon the subject for the future.

In 1862 and 1863 the Scottish Church was again convulsed with the question of the abolition of the Scottish office, on which two successive meetings of synod voted with varying results, the more decided course of entire abolition from the service of the Church not proving to be sustained by the feeling of the various diocesan synods, to whom, in accordance, we believe, with the constitution of the Scottish Church, it was submitted in the

* The primus was just at this time laid aside by a stroke of paralysis.

interim. Bishop Ewing was, of course, in the forefront of the abolition party. It was one of the great questions which he had made his own all through his career. But his success was only partial, notwithstanding that he had a great body of lay opinion at his back, and that a gradual modification of view had been proceeding among the bishops themselves. The upper house in the Scottish Church is so small (only *six* bishops sat on this occasion), that when opinions are evenly balanced, a defection of *one vote* from either side decides a question; and that was precisely the issue on this occasion. A compromise, therefore, was arrived at, by which the English prayer-book was to be ordinarily and generally used; but that each new *congregation* might elect to use either the Scottish or the English office in the holy communion. The bishop called this "a great victory for the Scottish-office party," which it certainly was not, unless it be a victory to avoid entire defeat; and looking to the circumstances of the case, we cannot but regard this compromise (which is still in force, and forms the rule of the Church) as a wise and statesmanlike course. So one of Bishop Ewing's great objects was at length partially attained; and although he protested, "This synod has thrown back our Church twenty years. We have, I fear, done a very foolish or a very wrong thing. There was no feeling for the Scotch office until the last fifteen years. It is altogether a Tractarian galvanization;" yet he was well contented to let the matter rest, and have an end of it so far as he was concerned. In truth he saw and said that there was "nothing else for him to do." The matter had been fought out to the end, and there was no more to be said.

The "Essays and Reviews" controversy was to the bishop as a storm looked upon from a safe distance, and it does not appear to have extended at all to the Scottish Church. We find abundant evidence in his letters, however, that he viewed it with the keenest interest. "I would," he says, when writing to Bishop Tait, "be a Liberal as to the future, a Conservative as to the past, *i.e.*, tolerate Wilson and ask Stanley to leave the standards alone." On this latter point he is emphatic; and there is a striking letter from him to the same prelate on the subject which is worth transcribing in part:—

I am not, and I have not been, ever satisfied that much can be done at present in the way of alterations of subscriptions or standards. The questions now at issue are beyond solu-

tion by small amendments, and great ones none of us are prepared to make. I think that when such questions are in the field as "Has God indeed spoken, and to what extent?" any move which does not relate to them is, in military language, changing our front in face of the enemy—an operation of great hazard. I do not think, moreover, that any great number of men whom it is desirable to satisfy would be satisfied by such alterations as we are prepared to make, and the others are not worthy of much consideration—not so much, at least, as removing landmarks for their sakes. I am, on the whole, inclined myself at present to an attitude of simple conservatism, believing that the only difficulties really pressing are not those which alteration of standards or subscriptions would satisfy. My own opinion is, that standards go a very little way towards the formation or maintenance of belief, and that this is pretty much formed and held apart from standards and is untouched by them, people throwing them off, perhaps, with violence when they oppress the conscience by their sanction of visible evils, as at the time of the Reformation; but when they do not, sitting quietly under them, as if unconscious of them, or signing them merely as conventionalities. If the clergy could agree by memorial to their bishop upon what they would like done, I would gladly go along with them. I doubt if it is wise to go ahead of them, except in matters of faith. I look upon standards as a sort of property, which, without their own consent, I would not take from the clergy. Let us seek to alter opinion rather than change the standards. These must be changed (or will be) so soon as opinion is really formed and pressing. I doubt very much if it is so yet. I am sure that it is not so as to what changes are desirable (p. 358).

The question especially of future punishment was of intense interest to him, and he had strong views on the subject, which we find expressed in various letters *à propos* of the Wilson and Colenso cases. "I think," he writes to his brother, "that the Bishop of Capetown has weakened his case by introducing so many counts in his indictment against Colenso; for by so doing he has censured views, that on future punishment among the number, on which Colenso has sympathizers." And in the same letter: . . . "Observe that Colenso was only killed on the head of every man, by Capetown firing off the creed of St. Athanasius. Do not *you* fire that *Mons Meg*. It is a barbarous old piece, honey-combed, rusty, more dangerous to friends than foes." To Bishop Wordsworth (of St. Andrew's), he says, "I am against altering the standards, save St. Athanasius!"

To Bishop Tait again: "Evil has noth-

ing divine in it, and must end." Such utterances show clearly enough in what direction his sympathies were tending, and what *he would have called* his doctrinal position was. Yet there is a pregnant utterance in a (somewhat questionable) letter to his brother some time before:—

One sentence, however, before I close, on "eternal judgment." That expression, as I conceive, simply means *that we are always under unchanging laws*. It reminds us that God is *always* judging us, or rewarding us, "according to our works," ordaining for us that that which we sow we shall also reap. But whereas it is said that "after death is the judgment," I can only understand the words as conveying to us the intimation that the righteous judgments of God which are now always taking place, but which we do not always recognize, will at last be made manifest to the heart and conscience (p. 319).

Such utterances were the *intuitions* of the man, and show the manner of his inmost thought. But they do not seem to have been got by any deliberate reasoning process. They are utterly arbitrary and *a priori* in character. *Cogito*—not *ergo sum*, but "*Cogito ergo credo*." Owing, it may be to the somewhat slender outfit of theological knowledge upon which we have remarked before, the bishop was thrown back more than was good for himself or others upon this method; and a very dangerous method it is for most men. Thus it was that his treatment of most questions, broadest of liberalizing Churchmen though he was, was wanting in the *breadth* which a fuller study would have given to him. It proceeds invariably upon a single line of more or less valid inference, which was always liable to be upset by the fact that he was dealing with *one face* of the question only, and that fuller knowledge would probably modify the premises which he took for granted.

In 1864, he sojourned at Ems, and afterwards at Palermo and various Italian towns. From Sion, in the Valais, he writes to the Bishop of London, *à propos*, we suppose, of the movement for a new court of ecclesiastical appeal:—

But now of Dr. Pusey and this movement, of which I see a lengthened account in the *Guardian* just sent me. He cannot do much harm, there is so much good in him; but the Church of England would surely have been on the wrong tack (and he knows it), in a catholic sense, if she had *defined* in the Gorham case, or any of those matters left undecided by the Privy Council. Dr. Pusey seems to think there is no belief if there is not defini-

tion of everything seen in the mount, even to the scarlet and blue edgings. In this age, when the conveyance of property is simplified, property is as much property as before. He is a religious botanist, with a large *hortus siccus*, and long dry names. Nevertheless, the poor and ignorant are saved, and although England may be hazy as to the Monophysite question, I think the mass of the English people are in a healthier state of mind than Dr. Newman (p. 387).

We may say once for all, about Bishop Ewing's letters, that they are among the most charming letters we have ever read—clear, pleasant, and with a bright, lively touch for persons and things, which he puts not seldom in a new point of view. The writing of letters was a very congenial occupation to him, as the great number of them inserted in this memoir proves; and it suited the light artillery of his mental equipment better than labored disquisitions. A curious incident is recounted as having happened to him on this tour:—

At Bologna there was a service in the hotel, and the bishop came down to be among the worshippers. The service began by the officiating minister giving out a hymn, and then asking if there was any one among the congregation who could "raise the tune." As no one volunteered, Dr. Ewing himself led the music. It was not until the service was over that the bishop discovered that he for the nonce had been "precentor" to a Wesleyan preacher (p. 387).

We find in these later years the bishop's aversion to dogma stronger than ever, and *now* we observe with regret some want of that kindliness of temper always observable in earlier years. He refused to concur in the approval expressed by the other Scottish bishops, of the sentence on Bishop Colenso. "Can I join in an excommunication," he writes, "because a man will not say that six times six is thirty-seven? Can excommunication alter a matter of fact?" and so on; which is painful to read. Against Bishop Gray, his cry was law, law, law: the law of the Church of England as a State establishment; and he looks no higher. One would suppose from his letters at this period, and on this subject, that he had never heard of the Church Catholic, or that he supposed it to have no existence out of England, or that it had no laws of its own. The Erastianism which had so got hold of him by this time is unintentionally illustrated by a passage in one of his letters to the Bishop of London, after the latter's serious illness:—

Pray, my dear bishop and brother, keep yourself for these things. *Any one can do your ordinations and confirmations, and other such business*, but no one can take your place at the Privy Council, or in Parliament, or in Convocation. Pray tide over the summer anywhere out of London, and come and spend the winter with me in Italy. *I am quite serious. All your other work is nothing to that which you can do, and you only, in the Privy Council in the years to come* (p. 447).

Our readers will perhaps wonder that they have heard so little of Bishop Ewing's performance of similar duties to those he thus relegated to the second place; or of the administration of his diocese, and the progress of his people. But the fact is that we hear little of them after the first years of organization, of keen energy and interest, and that they apparently ceased to be the chief business of his life. His diocesan synod consisted of twelve clergy, as far as we can gather; and his "charges" were manifestoes, for the most part, to the world without, and not to the "few sheep in the wilderness" within his pale.

With a few words on the description given here of the Pan-Anglican Conference, and of Bishop Ewing's attitude towards it, we must bring this review of his life to a conclusion.

What is said of the former must be considered to be the biographer's work; and it could not well be worse in taste and temper than it is. The one aim of the writer appears to be to *belittle* the Conference itself, and especially the colonial and foreign bishops, to deny their statements, to ridicule their pretensions, and to represent the entire meeting as "a conspiracy against Protestantism in the interests of sacerdotal dictation." Of such words and of such a temper we cannot approve. Nor is Bishop Ewing's own language better. It needs hardly to be said that he was in the Extreme Left all through; he was averse to the action attempted to be taken about the bishopric of Natal; he fully approved of the inexcusably discourteous refusal of Westminster Abbey for the closing service. But we had better quote entire what is represented to be the record of a conversation held between the bishop and some unnamed interlocutor immediately after the closing, which will speak for itself:—

"What," said the interrogator, "is your main feeling after the Conference?" "Relief, relief, relief."—"Was there any sense of solemnity at any part of the proceedings?" "Only the solemnity of being on board a ship that might blow up at any moment."—"Any possibility of thinking that it was an assembly

in which the Spirit of God was at work?" "That depended on where I sat. When I was with the Bishop of Chester (Jacobson), yes; but when near, etc., etc., quite the reverse."—"What was your impression at the conversazione?" "It was like a scene from 'Hypatia.'"—"What is the worst thing that has been done?" "That the meeting has taken place at all. You will never get rid of it. They will always be clinging to it. They know that they have got fifty-six names which they can append to any document that they choose."—"What do you think of the pastoral letter?" "It is words, words, words, and nothing else. It was written by the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), and very much shortened and cut down by the others. The Bishop of Winchester (Sumner), by one clean sweep, took out the whole viscera of a sentence in the Declaration on the Councils, and remained the hero of the field on the first day. We fought through it paragraph by paragraph, and by that evening reached the word primitive. Then the Bishop of Oxford proposed that the remainder of the sentence should be referred to a committee, which endeavored on the next day to undo what had been done on the day before, but they were beaten."—"Great havoc made on the second and third days on the schemes for establishing ecclesiastical tribunals?" "A splendid speech from the Bishop of London (Tait), knocking them all to pieces. The metropolitans were kept down by a masterly argument of Bishop Harold Browne. . . . The Natal question was brought on at the very last moment by a kind of *ruse*. . . . One or two comical things took place. On the 28th, at Lambeth Church, the first lesson was Tobit ii. None of the American bishops would read it, so the Bishop of Lincoln (Jackson) did" (p. 481).

I am not sorry that the battle of the Establishment (*in re* Colenso) was dropped. It never could have been fought on worse ground. For, consciously or unconsciously, the Bible was felt to be the question at stake, and all the Evangelicals, etc., were to a man with the priestly party. Had not Dr. Pusey, by a strange infatuation, thrown over the Americans by his tract on the Scandinavian admission first, before the meeting at Lambeth (in which he sneered at the American Church as a whole), they also would as one man have joined the metropolitans! Happily the Americans' *amour propre* made them hang in the wind (p. 486).

After the Conference had separated, he wrote an article upon it, containing even stronger language, which several magazines declined to publish, and which its author at length put forth at his own expense in pamphlet form.

From this time his activity of mind took for the most part a literary direction. The "Present-Day Papers" which the bishop himself projected, and to which he contributed no less than eleven papers, besides

editing the whole, served as the outlet for many of his most cherished ideas; and the series ran to three volumes before it was discontinued. There is much in these volumes that is admirable; and while they exhibit the characteristic faults of the writer's mode of thought, it would be unjust not to acknowledge that they show also much earnestness of thought, considerable charm of style, and an increased degree of spiritual insight. Thought is the best of educations; and Dr. Ewing had now been a thinker for many years.

At this point, however (1871), we must bring to an end our long scrutiny of this interesting life; a life which, however we may lament some incidents of it, was one of high aims, pure affections, and blameless tenor, not unworthy of a Christian bishop. Bishop Ewing passed away in 1873.

We are by no means certain that it is needful to say anything more by way of pointing the moral of his career. That he had many winning and lovable qualities as a man, is perfectly clear; and we have already pointed out the unselfishness and generosity with which he discharged the duties of his office. But the episcopate is not a mere matter of routine to be worked by (as it were) turning a crank. It requires a clear, undoubting belief in the spiritual powers of the office, and a strong and straightforward purpose, in order that the episcopate may convey its full weight, and do the entire work for which it is intended. How far the subject of the present memoir came up to these requirements, we must leave it to our readers to determine.

Another point that occurs to us is, the demoralizing tendency of ecclesiastical controversy, and that Bishop Ewing's career exemplifies it. Too often, it is to be feared, the *haute politique* of parties calls to its aid passions and tempers the very reverse of spiritual; and we cannot but think that the hard, partisan tone of the bishop's letters and public utterances in the later years of his life, so unlike the sweet persuasiveness of his earlier years, shows that this influence had told upon him for evil. He is not the first — we fear he will not be the last — to whom "our unhappy divisions" have done harm. History repeats itself; and the embittered party spirit and mutual repulsion which are caused by the wide divergence of belief, and still more of speculation, among us in this age recall nothing so forcibly as the factions of the Lower Empire, and the bitter comment of St. Gregory Nazianzen.

[Published by arrangement with HARPER & BROTHERS.]

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XII.

WHITE HEATHER.

AND now behold! the red flag flying from the summit of Castle Dare — a spot of brilliant color in this world of whirling mist and flashing sunlight. For there is half a gale blowing in from the Atlantic, and gusty clouds come sweeping over the islands, so that now the Dutchman, and now Fladda, and now Ulva disappears from sight, and then emerges into the sunlight again, dripping and shining after the bath, while ever and anon the huge promontory of Ru-Treshanish shows a gloomy purple far in the north. But the wind and weather may do what they like to-day; for has not the word just come down from the hill that the smoke of the steamer has been made out in the south? and old Hamish is flying this way and that, fairly at his wits' end with excitement; and Janet Macleod has cast a last look at the decorations of heather and juniper in the great hall; while Lady Macleod, dressed in the most stately fashion, has declared that she is as able as the youngest of them to walk down to the point to welcome home her son.

"Ay, your leddyship, it is very bad," complains the distracted Hamish, "that it will be so rough a day this day, and Sir Keith not to come ashore in his own gig, but in a fishing-boat, and to come ashore at the fishing quay, too; but it is his own men will go out for him, and not the fishermen at all, though I am sure they will hef a dram whatever when Sir Keith comes ashore. And will you not tek the pony, your leddyship? for it is a long road to the quay."

"No, I will not take the pony, Hamish," said the tall, white-haired dame, "and it is not of much consequence what boat Sir Keith has, so long as he comes back to us. And now I think you had better go down to the quay yourself, and see that the cart is waiting and the boat ready."

But how could old Hamish go down to the quay? He was in his own person skipper, head keeper, steward, butler, and general major-domo, and ought on such a day as this to have been in half a dozen places at once. From the earliest morning he had been hurrying hither and thither, in his impatience making use of

much voluble Gaelic. He had seen the yacht's crew in their new jerseys. He had been round the kennels. He had got out a couple of bottles of the best claret that Castle Dare could afford. He had his master's letters arranged on the library table, and had given a final rub to the guns and rifles on the rack. He had even been down to the quay, swearing at the salmon-fishers for having so much lumber lying about the place where Sir Keith Macleod was to land. And if he was to go down to the quay now, how could he be sure that the ancient Christina, who was mistress of the kitchen as far as her husband Hamish would allow her to be, would remember all his instructions? And then the little granddaughter Christina — would she remember her part in the ceremony?

However, as Hamish could not be in six places at once, he decided to obey his mistress's directions, and went hurriedly off to the quay, overtaking on his way Donald the piper lad, who was apparelled in all his professional finery.

"And if ever you put wind in your pipes, you will put wind in your pipes this day, Donald," said he to the red-haired lad. "And I will tell you now what you will play when you come ashore from the steamer: it is 'The Farewell to Chubraltar' you will play."

"'The Farewell to Gibraltar'!" said Donald peevishly, for he was bound in honor to let no man interfere with his proper business. "It is a better march than that I will play, Hamish. It is 'The Heights of Alma,' that was made by Mr. Ross, the queen's own piper; and will you tell me that 'The Heights of Alma' is not a better march than 'The Farewell to Gibraltar'?"

Hamish pretended to pay no heed to this impertinent boy. His eye was fixed on a distant black speck that was becoming more and more pronounced out there amid the grays and greens of the windy and sunlit sea. Occasionally it disappeared altogether, as a cloud of rain swept across toward the giant cliffs of Mull, and then again it would appear, sharper and blacker than ever, while the masts and funnel were now visible as well as the hull. When Donald and his companion got down to the quay, they found the men already in the big boat, getting ready to hoist the huge brown lug-sail; and there was a good deal of laughing and talking going on, perhaps in anticipation of the dram they were sure to get when their master returned to Castle Dare. Donald jumped down on the rude stone ballast, and made his way up

to the bow; Hamish, who remained on shore, helped to shove her off; then the heavy lug-sail was quickly hoisted, the sheet hauled tight; and presently the broad-beamed boat was ploughing its way through the rushing seas, with an occasional cloud of spray coming right over her from stem to stern. "*Fhir a bhata*," the men sung, until Donald struck in with his pipes, and the wild skirl of "The Barten Rocks of Aden" was a fitter sort of music to go with those sweeping winds and plunging seas.

And now we will board the steamer, where Keith Macleod is up on the bridge, occasionally using a glass, and again talking to the captain, who is beside him. First of all on board he had caught sight of the red flag floating over Castle Dare; and his heart had leaped up at that sign of welcome. Then he could make out the dark figures on the quay, the hoisting of the lug-sail, and the putting off of the boat. It was not a good day for observing things; for heavy clouds were quickly passing over, followed by bewildering gleams of a sort of watery sunlight; but as it happened one of these sudden flashes chanced to light up a small plateau on the side of the hill above the quay, just as the glass was directed on that point. Surely — surely — these two figures?

"Why, it is the mother — and Janet!" he cried.

He hastily gave the glass to his companion.

"Look!" said he. "Don't you think that is Lady Macleod and my cousin? What could have tempted the old lady to come away down there on such a squally day?"

"Oh yes, I think it is the ladies," said the captain; and then he added, with a friendly smile, "and I think it is to see you all the sooner, Sir Keith, that they have come down to the shore."

"Then," said he, "I must go down and get my gillie, and show him his future home."

He went below the hurricane deck to a corner in which Oscar was chained up. Beside the dog, sitting on a camp-stool, and wrapped round with a tartan plaid, was the person whom Macleod had doubtless referred to as his gillie. He was not a distinguished-looking attendant to be travelling with a Highland chieftain.

"Johnny, my man, come on deck now, and I will show you where you are going to live. You're all right now, aren't you? And you will be on the solid land again in about ten minutes."

Macleod's gillie rose—or rather, got down—from the camp-stool, and showed himself to be a miserable, emaciated child of ten or eleven, with a perfectly colorless face, frightened gray eyes, and starved white hands. The contrast between the bronzed and bearded sailors—who were now hurrying about to receive the boat from Dare—and this pallid and shrunken scrap of humanity was striking; and when Macleod took his hand, and half led and half carried him up on deck, the look of terror that he directed on the plunging waters all around showed that he had not had much experience of the sea. Involuntarily he had grasped hold of Macleod's coat as if for protection.

"Now, Johnny, look right ahead. Do you see the big house on the cliffs over yonder?"

The child, still clinging on to his protector, looked all round with the dull, pale eyes, and at length said,—

"No."

"Can't you see that house, poor chap? Well, do you see that boat over there? You must be able to see that."

"Yes, sir."

"That boat is to take you ashore. You needn't be afraid. If you don't like to look at the sea, get down into the bottom of the boat, and take Oscar with you, and you'll see nothing until you are ashore. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come along, then."

For now the wild skirl of Donald's pipes was plainly audible; and the various packages—the new rifle, the wooden case containing the wonderful dresses for Lady Macleod and her niece, and what not—were all ranged ready; to say nothing of some loaves of white bread that the steward was sending ashore at Hamish's request. And then the heaving boat came close to her, her sail hauled down; and a rope was thrown and caught; and then there was a hazardous scrambling down the dripping iron steps, and a notable spring on the part of Oscar, who had escaped from the hands of the sailors. As for the new gillie, he resembled nothing so much as a limp bunch of clothes, as Macleod's men, wondering not a little, caught him up and passed him astern. Then the rope was thrown off, the steamer steamed slowly ahead, the lug-sail was run up again, and away the boat plunged for the shore, with Donald playing "The Heights of Alma" as though he would rend the skies.

"Hold your noise, Donald!" his master
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called to him. "You will have plenty of time to play the pipes in the evening."

For he was greatly delighted to be among his own people again; and he was eager in his questions of the men as to all that had happened in his absence; and it was no small thing to them that Sir Keith Macleod should remember their affairs, too, and ask after their families and friends. Donald's loyalty was stronger than his professional pride. He was not offended that he had been silenced; he only bottled up his musical fervor all the more; and at length, as he neared the land, and knew that Lady Macleod and Miss Macleod were within hearing, he took it that he knew better than any one else what was proper to the occasion, and once more the proud and stirring march strove with the sound of the hurrying waves. Nor was that all. The piper lad was doing his best. Never before had he put such fire into his work; but as they got close inshore the joy in his heart got altogether the mastery of him, and away he broke into the mad delight of "Lady Mary Ramsay's Reel." Hamish on the quay heard, and he strutted about as if he were himself playing, and that before the queen. And then he heard another sound—that of Macleod's voice.

"Stand by, lads! . . . Down with her!"—and the flapping sail, with its swinging gaff, rattled down into the boat. At the same moment Oscar made a clean spring into the water, gained the landing-steps, and dashed upward—dripping as he was—to two ladies who were standing on the quay above. And Janet Macleod so far forgot what was due to her best gown that she caught his head in her arms, as he pawed and whined with delight.

That was a glad enough party that started off and up the hillside for Castle Dare. Janet Macleod did not care to conceal that she had been crying a little bit; and there were proud tears in the eyes of the stately old dame who walked with her; but the most excited of all was Hamish, who could by no means be got to understand that his master did not all at once want to hear about the trial of the young setters, and the price of the sheep sold the week before at Tobermory, and the stag that was chased by the Carsaig men on Tuesday.

"Confound it, Hamish," Macleod said, laughing, "leave all those things till after dinner."

"Oh ay, oh ay, Sir Keith, we will hef plenty of time after dinner," said Hamish, just as if he were one of the party, but very nervously working with the ends of his thumbs all the time, "and I will tell

you of the fine big stag that has been coming down every night — every night, as I am a living man — to Mrs. Murdoch's corn; and I was saying to her, 'Just hold your tongue, Mrs. Murdoch' — that was what I will say to her — 'just hold your tongue, Mrs. Murdoch, and be a civil woman, for a day or two days, and when Sir Keith comes home it iss no more at all the stag will trouble you — oh no, no more at all; there will be no more trouble about the stag when Sir Keith comes home.'"

And old Hamish laughed at his own wit, but it was in a sort of excited way.

"Look here, Hamish, I want you to do this for me," Macleod said; and instantly the face of the old man — it was a fine face, too, with its aquiline nose, and grizzled hair, and keen hawk-like eyes — was full of an eager attention. "Go back and fetch that little boy I left with Donald. You had better look after him yourself. I don't think any water came over him; but give him dry clothes if he is wet at all. And feed him up: the little beggar will take a lot of fattening without any harm."

"Where is he to go to?" said Hamish doubtfully.

"You are to make a keeper of him. When you have fattened him up a bit, teach him to feed the dogs. When he gets bigger, he can clean the guns."

"I will let no man or boy clean the guns for you but myself, Sir Keith," the old man said, quite simply, and without a shadow of disrespect. "I will hef no risk of the kind."

"Very well, then; but go and get the boy, and make him at home as much as you can. Feed him up."

"Who is it, Keith," his cousin said, "that you are speaking of as if he was a sheep or a calf?"

"Faith," said he, laughing, "if the philanthropists heard of it, they would prosecute me for slave-stealing. I bought the boy — for a sovereign."

"I think you have made a bad bargain, Keith," his mother said; but she was quite prepared to hear of some absurd whim of his.

"Well," said he, "I was going into Trafalgar Square, where the National Gallery of pictures is, mother, and there is a cab-stand in the street, and there was a cabman standing there, munching at a lump of dry bread that he cut with a jack-knife. I never saw a cabman do that before; I should have been less surprised if he had been having a chicken and a bottle of port. However, in front of this big cabman this little chap I have brought

with me was standing; quite in rags; no shoes on his feet, no cap on his wild hair; and he was looking fixedly at the big lump of bread. I never saw any animal look so starved and so hungry; his eyes were quite glazed with the fascination of seeing the man ploughing away at this lump of loaf. And I never saw any child so thin. His hands were like the claws of a bird; and his trousers were short and torn so that you could see his legs were like two pipe-stems. At last the cabman saw him. 'Get out o' the way,' says he. The little chap slunk off, frightened, I suppose. Then the man changed his mind. 'Come here,' says he. But the little chap was frightened, and wouldn't come back; so he went after him, and thrust the loaf into his hand, and bade him be off. I can tell you the way he went into that loaf was very fine to see. It was like a weasel at the neck of a rabbit. It was like an otter at the back of a salmon. And that was how I made his acquaintance," Macleod added carelessly.

"But you have not told us why you brought him up here," his mother said.

"Oh," said he, with a sort of laugh, "I was looking at him, and I wondered whether Highland mutton and Highland air would make any difference in the wretched little skeleton; and so I made his acquaintance. I went home with him to a fearful place — I have got the address, but I did not know there were such quarters in London — and I saw his mother. The poor woman was very ill, and she had a lot of children; and she seemed quite glad when I offered to take this one and make a herd or a gamekeeper of him. I promised he should go to visit her once a year, that she might see whether there was any difference. And I gave her a sovereign."

"You were quite right, Keith," his cousin said gravely; "you run a great risk. Do they hang slavers?"

"Mother," said he, for by this time the ladies were standing still, so that Hamish and the new gillie should overtake them, "you mustn't laugh at the little chap when you see him with the plaid taken off. The fact is, I took him to a shop in the neighborhood to get some clothes for him, but I couldn't get anything small enough. He *does* look ridiculous; but you mustn't laugh at him, for he is like a girl for sensitiveness. But when he has been fed up a bit, and got some Highland air into his lungs, his own mother won't know him. And you will get him some other clothes, Janet — some kilts, maybe — when his legs get stronger."

Whatever Keith Macleod did was sure to be right in his mother's eyes; and she only said, with a laugh, —

"Well, Keith, you are not like your brothers. When they brought me home presents, it was pretty things; but all your curiosities, wherever you go, are the halt and the lame and the blind, so that the people laugh at you, and say that Castle Dare is becoming the hospital of Mull."

"Mother, I don't care what the people say."

"And indeed I know that," she answered.

Their waiting had allowed Hamish and the new gillie to overtake them, and certainly the latter — deprived of his plaid — presented a sufficiently ridiculous appearance in the trousers and jacket that were obviously too big for him. But neither Lady Macleod nor Janet laughed at all when they saw this starved London waif before them.

"Johnny," said Macleod, "here are two ladies who will be very kind to you, so you needn't be afraid to live here."

But Johnny did look mortally afraid, and instinctively once more took hold of Macleod's coat. Then he seemed to have some notion of his duty. He drew back one foot and made a sort of curtsy. Probably he had seen girls do this, in mock-heroic fashion, in some London court.

"And are you very tired?" said Janet Macleod, in that soft voice of hers that all children loved.

"Yes," said the child.

"Kott bless me," cried Hamish, "I did not know that!" — and therewith the old man caught up Johnny Wickes as if he had been a bit of ribbon, and flung him on to his shoulder, and marched off to Castle Dare.

Then the three Macleods continued on their way — through the damp-smelling fir wood; over the bridge that spanned the brawling brook; again through the fir wood; until they reached the open space surrounding the big stone house. They stood for a minute there — high over the great plain of the sea, that was beautiful with a thousand tints of light. And there was the green island of Ulva, and there the darker rocks of Colonsay, and further out, amid the windy vapor and sunlight, Lunga, and Fladda, and the Dutchman's Cap, changing in their hue every minute as the clouds came driving over the sea.

"Mother," said he, "I have not tasted fresh air since I left. I am not sorry to get back to Dare."

"And I don't think we are sorry to see you back, Keith," his cousin said modestly.

And yet the manner of his welcome was not imposing; they are not very good at grand ceremonies on the western shores of Mull. It is true that Donald, relieved of the care of Johnny Wickes, had sped by a short cut through the fir wood, and was now standing in the gravelled space outside the house, playing "The Heights of Alma" with a spirit worthy of all the MacCruimins that ever lived. But as for the ceremony of welcome, this was all there was of it. When Keith Macleod went up to the hall door, he found a small girl of five or six standing quite by herself at the open entrance. This was Christina, the granddaughter of Hamish, a pretty little girl with wide blue eyes and yellow hair.

"Hallo, Christina," said Macleod, "won't you let me into the house?"

"This is for you, Sir Keith," said she, in the Gaelic, and she presented him with a beautiful bunch of white heather. Now white heather, in that part of the country, is known to bring great good fortune to the possessor of it.

"And it is a good omen," said he, lightly, as he took the child up and kissed her. And that was the manner of his welcome to Castle Dare.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT HOME.

THE two women-folk, with whom he was most nearly brought into contact, were quite convinced that his stay in London had in no wise altered the buoyant humor and brisk activity of Keith Macleod. Castle Dare awoke into a new life on his return. He was all about and over the place, accompanied by the faithful Hamish; and he had a friendly word and smile for every one he met. He was a good master: perhaps he was none the less liked because it was pretty well understood that he meant to be master. His good-nature had nothing of weakness in it. "If you love me, I love you," says the Gaelic proverb; "*otherwise do not come near me.*" There was not a man or lad about the place who would not have adventured his life for Macleod; but all the same they were well aware that the handsome young master, who seemed to go through life with a merry laugh on his face, was not one to be trifled with. This John Fraser, an Aberdeen man, discovered

on the second night after Macleod's return to Castle Dare.

Macleod had the salmon-fishing on this part of the coast, and had a boat's crew of four men engaged in the work. One of these having fallen sick, Hamish had to hire a new hand, an Aberdeenshire man, who joined the crew just before Macleod's departure from London. This Fraser turned out to be a "dour" man; and his discontent and grumbling seemed to be affecting the others, so that the domestic peace of Dare was threatened. On the night in question old Hamish came into Macleod's conjoint library and gun-room.

"The fishermen hef been asking me again, sir," observed Hamish, with his cap in his hand. "What will I say to them?"

"Oh, about the wages?" Macleod said, turning round.

"Ay, sir."

"Well, Hamish, I don't object. Tell them that what they say is right. This year has been a very good year; we have made some money; I will give them the two shillings a week more if they like. But then, look here, Hamish. If they have their wages raised in a good year, they must have them lowered in a bad year. They cannot expect to share the profit without sharing the loss too. Do you understand that, Hamish?"

"Yes, Sir Keith, I think I do."

"Do you think you could put it into good Gaelic for them?"

"Oh, ay."

"Then tell them to choose for themselves. But make it clear."

"Ay, Sir Keith," said Hamish. "And if it was not for that — man, John Fraser, there would be no word of this thing. And there is another thing I will hef to speak to you about, Sir Keith; and it is John Fraser, too, who is at the bottom of this, I will know that fine. It is more than two or three times that you will warn the men not to bathe in the bay below the castle; and not for many a day will any one do that, for the Cave Bay it is not more as half a mile away. And when you you were in London, Sir Keith, it was this man John Fraser he would bathe in the bay below the castle in the morning, and he got one or two of the others to join him; and when I bade him go away, he will say that the sea belongs to no man. And this morning, too —"

"This morning!" Macleod said, jumping to his feet. There was an angry flash in his eyes.

"Ay, sir, this very morning I saw two of

them myself — and John Fraser he was one of them — and I went down and said to them, 'It will be a bad day for you, says I to them, 'if Sir Keith will find you in this bay.'"

"Are they down at the quay now?" Macleod said.

"Ay, they will be in the house now."

"Come along with me, Hamish. I think we will put this right."

He lifted his cap and went out into the cool night air, followed by Hamish. They passed through the dark fir wood until they came in sight of the Atlantic again, which was smooth enough to show the troubled reflection of the bigger stars. They went down the hillside until they were close to the shore, and then they followed the rough path to the quay. The door of the square stone building was open; the men were seated on rude stools or on spare coils of rope, smoking. Macleod called them out, and they came to the door.

"Now look here, boys," said he, "you know I will not allow any man to bathe in the bay before the house. I told you before; I tell you now for the last time. They that want to bathe can go along to the Cave Bay; and the end of it is this — and there will be no more words about it — that the first man I catch in the bay before the house I will take a horsewhip to him, and he will have as good a run as ever he had in his life."

With that he was turning away, when he heard one of the men mutter, "*I would like to see you do it.*" He wheeled round instantly — and if some of his London friends could have seen the look of his face at this moment, they might have altered their opinion about the obliteration of certain qualities from the temperament of the Highlanders of our own day.

"Who said that?" he exclaimed.

There was no answer.

"Come out here, you four men!" he said. "Stand in a line there. Now let the man who said that step out and face me. I will show him who is to be master here. If he thinks he can master me, well; but it is one or the other of us who will be master!"

There was not a sound or a motion; but Macleod suddenly sprang forward, caught the man Fraser by the throat, and shook him thrice — as he might have shaken a reed.

"You scoundrel!" he said. "You coward!" Are you afraid to own it was you? There has been nothing but bad feeling since ever you brought your ugly face

among us — well, we've had enough of you!"

He flung him back.

"Hamish," said he, "you will pay this man his month's wages to-night. Pack him off with the Gometra men in the morning; they will take him out to the 'Pioneer.' And look you here, sir," he added, turning to Fraser, "it will be a bad day for you the day that I see your face again anywhere about Castle Dare."

He walked off and up to the house again, followed by the reluctant Hamish. Hamish had spoken of this matter only that Macleod should give the men a renewed warning; he had no notion that this act of vengeance would be the result. And where were they to get a man to put in Fraser's place?

It was about an hour later that Hamish again came into the room.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but the men are outside."

"I cannot see them."

"They are ferry sorry, sir, about the whole matter, and there will be no more bathing in the front of the house, and the man Fraser they hef brought him up to say he is ferry sorry too."

"They have brought him up?"

"Ay, sir," said Hamish, with a grave smile. "It was for fighting him they were one after the other because he will make a bad speech to you; and he could not fight three men one after the other; and so they hef made him come up to say he is ferry sorry too; and will you let him stay on to the end of the season?"

"No. Tell the men that if they will behave themselves, we can go on as we did before, in peace and friendliness; but I mean to be master in this place. And I will not have a sulky fellow like this Fraser stirring up quarrels. He must pack and be off."

"It will not be easy to get another man, Sir Keith," old Hamish ventured to say.

"Get Sandy over from the 'Umpire.'"

"But surely you will want the yacht, sir, when Mr. Ogilvie comes to Dare?"

"I tell you, Hamish, that I will not have that fellow about the place. That is an end of it. Did you think it was only a threat that I meant? And have you not heard the old saying that 'one does not apply plaster to a threat'? You will send him to Gometra in the morning in time for the boat."

And so the sentence of banishment was confirmed; and Hamish got a young fellow from Ulva to take the place of Fraser; and

from that time to the end of the fishing season perfect peace and harmony prevailed between master and men.

But if Lady Macleod and Janet saw no change whatever in Macleod's manner after his return from the south, Hamish, who was more alone with the young man, did. Why this strange indifference to the very occupations that used to be the chief interest of his life? He would not go out after the deer: the velvet would be on their horns yet. He would not go out after the grouse: what was the use of disturbing them before Mr. Ogilvie came up?

"I am in no hurry," he said, almost petulantly. "Shall I not have to be here the whole winter for the shooting?" — and Hamish was amazed to hear him talk of the winter shooting as some compulsory duty, whereas in these parts it far exceeded in variety and interest the very limited low-ground shooting of the autumn. Until young Ogilvie came up, Macleod never had a gun in his hand. He had gone fishing two or three days; but had generally ended by surrendering his rod to Hamish, and going for a walk up the glen, alone. The only thing he seemed to care about, in the way of out-of-door occupation, was the procuring of otter-skins; and every man and boy in his service was ordered to keep a sharp look-out on that stormy coast for the prince of fur-bearing animals. Years before he had got enough skins together for a jacket for his cousin Janet; and that garment of beautiful thick black fur — dyed black, of course — was as silken and rich as when it was made. Why should he forget his own theory of letting all animals have a chance in urging a war of extermination against the otter?

This preoccupation of mind, of which Hamish was alone observant, was nearly inflicting a cruel injury on Hamish himself. On the morning of the day on which Ogilvie was expected to arrive, Hamish went into his master's library. Macleod had been reading a book, but he had pushed it aside, and now both his elbows were on the table, and he was leaning his head on his hands, apparently in deep meditation of some kind or other.

"Will I tek the bandage off Nell's foot now, sir?"

"Oh yes, if you like. You know as much as I do about it."

"Oh, I am quite sure," said Hamish brightly, "that she will do ferry well tomorrow. I will tek her whatever; and I can send her home if it is too much for her."

Macleod took up his book again.

"Very well, Hamish. But you have plenty to do about the house. Duncan and Sandy can go with us to-morrow."

The old man started and looked at his master for a second. Then he said, "Ferry well, sir," in a low voice, and left the room.

But for the hurt and the wounded and the sorrowful there was always one refuge of consolation in Castle Dare. Hamish went straight to Janet Macleod; and she was astonished to see the emotion of which the keen, hard, handsome face of the old man was capable. Who before had ever seen tears in the eyes of Hamish MacIntyre?

"And perhaps it is so," said Hamish, with his head hanging down, "and perhaps it is that I am an old man now, and not able any more to go up to the hills; but if I am not able for that, I am not able for anything; and I will not ask Sir Keith to keep me about the house, or about the yacht. It is younger men will do better as me; and I can go away to Greenock; and if it is an old man I am, maybe I will find a place in a smack, for all that —"

"Oh, nonsense, Hamish," Janet Macleod said, with her kindly eyes bent on him. "You may be sure Sir Keith did not mean any thing like that —"

"Ay, mem," said the old man proudly, "and who wass it that first put a gun into his hand; and who wass it skinned the ferry first seal that he shot in Loch Scridain; and who wass it told him the name of every spar and sheet of the 'Umpire,' and showed him how to hold a tiller? And if there is any man knows more as me about the birds and the deer, that is right — let him go out; but it is the first day I hef not been out with Sir Keith since ever I wass at Castle Dare; and now it is time that I am going away; for I am an old man; and the younger men they will be better on the hills, and in the yacht too. But I can make my living whatever."

"Hamish, you are speaking like a foolish man," said Janet Macleod to him. "You will wait here now till I go to Sir Keith."

She went to him.

"Keith," said she, "do you know that you have nearly broken old Hamish's heart?"

"What is the matter?" said he, looking up in wonder.

"He says you have told him he is not to go out to the shooting with you to-morrow; and that is the first time he has been superseded; and he takes it that you think

he is an old man; and he talks of going away to Greenock to join a smack."

"Oh, nonsense," Macleod said. "I was not thinking when I told him. He may come with us if he likes. At the same time, Janet, I should think Norman Ogilvie will laugh at seeing the butler come out as a keeper."

"You know quite well, Keith," said his cousin, "that Hamish is no more a butler than he is captain of the 'Umpire' or clerk of the accounts. Hamish is simply everybody and everything at Castle Dare. And if you speak of Norman Ogilvie — well, I think it would be more like yourself, Keith, to consult the feelings of an old man rather than the opinions of a young one."

"You are always on the right side, Janet. Tell Hamish I am very sorry. I meant him no disrespect. And he may call me at one in the morning if he likes. He never looked on me but as a bit of his various machinery for killing things."

"That is not fair of you, Keith. Old Hamish would give his right hand to save you the scratch of a thorn."

She went off to cheer the old man, and he turned to his book. But it was not to read it; it was only to stare at the outside of it in an absent sort of way. The fact is, he had found in it the story of a young aide-de-camp who was intrusted with a message to a distant part of the field while a battle was going forward, and who in mere bravado rode across a part of the ground open to the enemy's fire. He came back laughing. He had been hit, he confessed, but he had escaped; and he carelessly shook a drop or two of blood from a flesh wound on his hand. Suddenly, however, he turned pale, wavered a little, and then fell forward on his horse's neck, a corpse.

Macleod was thinking about this story rather gloomily. But at last he got up with a more cheerful air, and seized his cap.

"And if it is my death-wound I have got," he was thinking to himself, as he set out for the boat that was waiting for him at the shore, "I will not cry out too soon."

From The Contemporary Review.
MR. FROUDE'S "LIFE AND TIMES OF
THOMAS BECKET."

MR. FROUDE'S appearance on the field of mediæval history will hardly be matter of rejoicing to those who have made medi-

æval history one of the chief studies of their lives. They cannot welcome him as a partner in their labors, as a fellow-worker in the cause of historic truth. On the other hand they cannot afford to pass by his appearance without notice. He cannot be treated as one of the crowd of blunderers who may be left to perish of their own insignificance. Mr. Froude has a name and a following. What he writes will be read by many and will be believed by some. Even if he were now beginning as an unknown writer, he would be sure of a more attentive and favorable hearing than falls to the lot of most unknown writers. His style is admired by many, and it undoubtedly has its merits. When Mr. Froude can keep himself both from metaphors and from vulgarisms, he knows how to tell a story clearly and attractively. It would be a pleasure to read a narrative by Mr. Froude about times, places, and persons of which one had never heard before, among which there would therefore be no means of judging whether his statements were accurate or inaccurate. In such a case the critical faculty would slumber, and we might simply enjoy what we might be sure would supply much for us to enjoy. And there can be little doubt that there are many with whom the influence of Mr. Froude's style goes very much further than this. His way of writing is eminently fitted to impose on those who have not the means of judging for themselves. When Mr. Froude is most inaccurate, when he is most thoroughly ignorant of the subject on which he writes, he still writes with an air of quiet confidence which is likely to take in all whose own studies have not qualified them to answer him. It is because the air of confidence is so quiet that it is so dangerous. As a rule, those who write on subjects which they have not mastered betray their lack of mastery in their manner. But there is nothing in Mr. Froude's manner to suggest either lack of knowledge or unfair treatment of materials. Never surely did a false prophet succeed so thoroughly in putting on the outward garb of the true. There can be no doubt that many who read in perfect good faith and with a sincere desire of knowledge are led away by this singular appearance of knowledge and fairness where both are in truth absent. Still it is lucky that, even when Mr. Froude is most plausible, he is almost sure to let something out to startle the reader who reads in good faith, however small may be his amount of critical knowledge. Many were doubtless tempted to

accept Mr. Froude's new theory of Henry the Eighth,—a theory which Hallam so vigorously demolished beforehand,—who drew back when they were asked to believe that Henry beheaded Anne one day and married Jane the next from no motive but the severest sense of public duty. So Mr. Froude, in his present attempt to paint the picture of the great men of the twelfth century, puts on the outward garb of one who has read and tested his materials, and has come to a critical judgment on what he has read and tested. But he happily leaves a little cranny open which enables us to look within. The very first words of Mr. Froude's "Life and Times of Thomas Becket"* are enough to show us that the seeming historical inquiry is really designed as a manifesto against a theological party which once numbered its author among its members. To those who know the whole literature of the subject, it has a look more unpleasant still. Those whose study of twelfth-century history goes back to times when those who are now in their second half-century were young, will not fail to remember a time when the name of Froude reminded them of another, an earlier, and I have no hesitation in saying a worthier, treatment of the same subject. And some of those who go back so far may be tempted to think that natural kindness, if no other feeling, might have kept back the fiercest of partisans from ignoring the honest work of a long-deceased brother, and from dealing stabs in the dark at a brother's almost forgotten fame.

Of the historical work of the elder Froude with regard to the great controversy of the reign of Henry the Second I shall have a few words to say presently. I am as yet concerned rather with the relation of the younger bearer of that name to the reign of Henry the Second and to mediæval history generally. Mr. J. A. Froude has mainly confined himself to later periods of English history; in one of his works he has dealt with times which a few living men can still remember. He has appeared as the apologist of Henry the Eighth, and as the apologist of Flogging Fitzgerald. The way in which he has treated his subjects has been commonly such as now and then to suggest the thought that the whole thing is an elaborate joke. The thought will force itself upon the mind that Mr. Froude is simply laughing at his readers, and trying to see what amount of paradox they may

* *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1877, p. 548.

be made to swallow. That any man could venture, in a civilized, not to say in a Christian, community, to put forth some of the moral theories which Mr. Froude puts forth, to defend some of the acts which Mr. Froude defends, might indeed seem beyond human belief. Yet some very astounding performances in this line are no more than might be looked for from one who turned from legendary hagiography to write "Shadows of the Clouds" and "The Nemesis of Faith." On purely moral points there is no need for me now to enlarge; every man who knows right from wrong ought to be able to see through the web of ingenious sophistry which tries to justify the slaughter of More and Fisher. Still the apologist of King Harry has hardly done the best that might be done for his own hero. Mr. Froude's flattering picture comes hardly nearer to the real man than the vulgar Bluebeard portrait of which he very rightly complains. Both pictures alike slur over the distinguishing lines in a character which is in truth a most singular moral study. In Mr. Froude's lofty contempt for ecclesiastical details he perhaps hardly thought it a fact worthy of his attention that Henry the Eighth himself drew up the statutes of some of the cathedral churches which he refounded, that he drew them up with his own hand, and that the statutes so drawn up breathe a spirit worthy of the most pious founders on record. That this same man had robbed those very churches of their most sacred treasures, that he had squandered and gambled away all that men before his time had agreed to respect, that his hand had been stretched out to lay waste and to spoil the very resting-places of the dead, seems at first one of the strangest of moral contradictions. Yet both are parts of a strangely mixed character, the character of a tyrant the form of whose tyranny has no exact parallel elsewhere. Mr. Froude's belief that Henry married Jane Seymour as "an indifferent official act," which he went through for the good of the nation, quite wipes out the peculiar character of Henry's tyranny with regard to his marriages as with regard to anything else. A tyrant who was determined to have his own will in all things, but who always strove to find something like legal sanction for the gratification of his own will, was specially ingenious in finding out pretexts which gave some kind of legal sanction to his divorces, beheadings, and remarriages. We can well believe that when Henry had beheaded Anne and married Jane, he returned thanks that

he had reformed his "old and detestable life," that he was no longer an adulterer as other kings were, not even as his friend and brother, Francis of France. A character like this deserved drawing in its minutest lights and shadows; but all its characteristic features have been daubed out by the indiscriminate apology of Mr. Froude. From the purely artistic point of view, it is to be regretted that so remarkable a specimen of human nature has not had better justice done to it. From the point of view of historic and of moral truth, it is to be regretted that a portrait so wide of the reality should be accepted as genuine. It is still more to be regretted, if any have been found at once to accept Mr. Froude's statement of Henry's acts and to accept his judgment upon them.

Mr. Froude, it may be remembered, made his first appearance as a writer on historical subjects—for his contribution to the "Lives of the Saints" can hardly be looked on as history—in a paper in one of the volumes of "Oxford Essays," which deservedly drew to itself much attention, and in which truth and error were mingled in a remarkable way. Mr. Froude's main proposition was that English history ought to be studied in the statute book. Taken with some qualifications, the profession is a thoroughly true one. It is perfectly true that many readers and writers of history have devoted themselves to personal matters, or at the most to battles and negotiations, and have left legislation and all that legislation touches too much in the background. Mr. Froude did really good service by calling attention to the necessity of giving to the internal legislation of any country at least as prominent a part in its history as any of those aspects of the story by which internal legislation has often been overshadowed. But, in putting forth this really important truth, Mr. Froude was led into two errors. One of these lurks in the word "statute-book." If we are allowed to extend the meaning of the word "statute-book" so as to take in our earliest written "dooms," and our scattered notices of laws and institutions yet older than our earliest written "dooms," then we may fully admit that the statute-book is the true text-book of English history. Still the use of the phrase "statute-book" might seem to imply a somewhat modern way of looking at things; it might seem to imply that the study of the laws and history of England could safely begin at some arbitrary point later than their beginning. And while Mr. Froude did right

in claiming for acts of Parliament and for other public documents their due value among the sources of history, he went further, and seemed to claim for them a kind of infallibility which the lawyers themselves do not venture to assert. It is, I believe, an acknowledged legal rule that the preamble of an act of Parliament need not be received as of any binding force. Mr. Froude seems to think otherwise. He seems to look on the statements of motives and causes set forth in any public document as being of necessity the real motives and causes. On this point Gibbon and Sismondi held quite another view from Mr. Froude.* Acts of Parliament, proclamations, public documents of every kind, have indeed their use; but it is not the particular use which was claimed for them by Mr. Froude. The motives which are set forth in a public proclamation are by no means necessarily the real motives of the potentate who puts forth the proclamation. But they have their historical value none the less. For it is often important to know, not only by what motives a man really acted, but by what motives he wished that others should believe that he acted. Now these two forms of error, which disfigured an argument which was highly ingenious and to a great extent true, are both of them worth studying, because they point to one great cause of error in Mr. Froude's writings. They are exactly the errors of a novice; they are the errors of a man who had taken up historical writing and historical study in the middle instead of at the beginning. Mr. Froude had clear-sightedness enough to see at a glance the importance of documentary evidence. But the conviction had to him something of the charm of a discovery; an official proclamation, judgment, assertion of any kind, became in his eyes clothed with a kind of sacred character, before which the ordinary rules of morals and the ordinary rules of historical evidence had to give way. All this could hardly have happened to one who had made history the study of his life. But Mr. Froude, by his own statement, had not made history the study of his life. Nor was he, like Mr. Finlay, led to the study of the past because he saw that no otherwise could he find the key to what he saw around him in the present.

* I am unavoidably writing without the means of reference to books, except such as I have brought with me for the express purpose in hand. But I have discussed Mr. Froude's way of treating documents, and quoted the passages from Sismondi and Gibbon, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* (No. 57, September, 1871) on "The Use of Historical Documents."

Mr. Froude, in that singular confession which he once published,* explained that he took to the writing of English history chiefly because he had nothing else to do. The consequence naturally was that he rushed at a particular period without any preparation from the study of earlier periods. No one who really knows English history can fail to see in almost every page of Mr. Froude's account of Henry the Eighth signs of imperfect knowledge of the days before Henry the Eighth. This fault mends itself to some extent as he goes on; but its effects can never be fully got rid of. Constant inaccuracy of reference and quotation betray the man who has begun to write without having gone through any thorough discipline of reading. Endless displays of ignorance on points of detail bear the same witness. The man who insisted on the statute-book being the text-book of English history showed that he had never heard of *peine forte et dure* and had no clear notion of the nature of a bill of attainder. A crowd of mistakes on ecclesiastical and foreign points have been pointed out by Mr. Froude's reviewers. And there is one point in which Mr. Froude shows a striking contrast to Lord Macaulay. One of the best points in Lord Macaulay's history is the vivid way in which he brings before his readers the past history and present state of every place which witnessed any event of importance in his story. Lord Macaulay clearly made it his business to see with his own eyes the places of which he had to speak. Mr. Froude seems never to have done anything of the kind. He can vividly describe a place which he has seen; but it is plain that a large part of the places which figure in his story he has never seen. Take the story of the martyrdom of Hooper. As far as personal incident goes, Mr. Froude tells his story well; but Lord Macaulay would have added a vivid picture of Gloucester city in its transition state, when the abbey had so lately become the cathedral church. In Mr. Froude's hands the story, full of personal life, is utterly without that local life which it would certainly have received at the hands of Lord Macaulay.

But, besides all this, Mr. Froude's treatment of later times displays one characteristic which goes yet further than all these to disqualify him for treating any subject of mediæval history. This is his fanatical hatred towards the English

* It appeared in a fly-leaf of "The English in Ireland."

Church at all times and under all characters. Reformed or unreformed, it is all the same; be it the Church of Dunstan, of Anselm, or of Arundel, of Parker, of Laud, or of Tillotson, it is all one to Mr. Froude. It is a hatred compared to which I should think that the enmity of any Non-conformist, religious or political, must be a lukewarm feeling. It certainly surpasses anything into which an ordinary layman can throw himself even dramatically. It is, I should guess, a degree of hatred which must be peculiar to those who have entered her ministry and forsaken it, perhaps peculiar to the one man who first wrote "Lives of the Saints" and then "Shadows of the Clouds." How deep-set and bitter Mr. Froude's anti-ecclesiastical feelings are is shown by the fact that they are consistent with the fullest artistic perception of whatever is touching and poetic in the ecclesiastical system. Mr. Froude as a writer never reaches so high a point as in several passages where he describes various scenes and features of monastic life. To do justice to a bishop or a monk is what Mr. Froude can never bring himself to; but to paint this and that poetic aspect of a bishop or a monk is what few men can do better. Hatred must be fierce indeed which is in no way softened by so remarkable a power of merely artistic appreciation. In a student of mediæval history Mr. Froude's artistic appreciation is undoubtedly no contemptible help; but it will hardly stand in the place of unswerving justice. What the mediæval Church asks from the student of mediæval history is simply justice. And justice will never be done to her either by fanatical votaries or by fanatical enemies. Mr. Froude has tried both characters; and both characters are alike incompatible with justice, incompatible with truth.

Thus prepared or unprepared, Mr. Froude has made more than one raid, as it may be called, on the history of times earlier than those with which he deals in his chief work. It is curious to mark the exactly opposite way in which his mediæval sketches have been received by those who have, and those who have not, studied the times in which Mr. Froude has ventured himself. The sketches, simply as sketches, are brilliant and effective; the only unlucky thing is that the things sketched have, for the most part, no existence except in Mr. Froude's imagination. By those who are not themselves historical students, who have not the means of testing the truth of the pictures which Mr.

Froude has given them, those pictures have naturally been admired. They have been admired as a well-executed picture, good in drawing and color, may be admired by those who have not the means of knowing that it bears no likeness whatever to the scene or the buildings which it professes to represent. But historical scholars, those who have lived and made their homes in the ages in which Mr. Froude shows himself only as an occasional marauder, have passed a different judgment. These lesser writings have indeed seriously affected their estimate of Mr. Froude's greater work. They are no longer inclined to look on the defence of Henry the Eighth as a mere ingenious paradox. They are now fully convinced that, even in dealing with the relations between Henry and his wives, Mr. Froude really meant what he said. They are now disposed to set down Mr. Froude's vagaries of narrative and judgment to an inborn and incurable twist, which makes it impossible for him to make an accurate statement about any matter. They see in these lesser writings that when Mr. Froude undertakes one of the simplest of tasks, that of fairly reporting the statements made by a single writer, he cannot do it. By some destiny which it would seem that he cannot escape, instead of the narrative which he finds—at least which all other readers find—in his book, he invariably substitutes another narrative out of his own head. That Mr. Froude can hardly be called a free agent in this matter appears from the nature of the points of difference between his narratives and those of the writers whom he professes to copy. That Mr. Froude should color his story in accordance with his own ideas is not very wonderful: everybody does so more or less; Mr. Froude could hardly fail to do so a great deal. That Mr. Froude, in writing the history of a monastic house, turns everything as far as may be to the discredit of monasticism and of the ecclesiastical system generally might have been taken for granted beforehand. But it is the smallest instances which best prove a law; and the law which compels Mr. Froude to tell his story in a different way from his authority is best illustrated, by those instances which are of no controversial and of little historical importance. Be the matter in hand what it may, be the interest of the story great or small, Mr. Froude finds the same necessity laid upon him. Come what may, Mr. Froude's story must not be the story in the book. If the book calls a man by one name or title, Mr.

Froude must give him another name or title. If the book says that a thing happened in one place, Mr. Froude must say that it happened in another place. If the book says that it happened on one day of the week, Mr. Froude must say that it happened on another day. It is only on this theory of overwhelming necessity that some of Mr. Froude's astounding departures from his text can be explained. It cannot be supposed that a man who has undertaken to write any part of the history of England can be ignorant of the name of Robert Fitzwalter, marshal of the army of God and of the holy Church. Mr. Froude could not have been a free agent when, meeting with "Robertus filius Walteri," fully and clearly described, he changed him into "Sir Robert Fitzwilliam," without any description at all. Nor can it be supposed that a man who has been fellow of Exeter College can really believe that "*prædicta rationes*" means "shortened rationes," or that "*secularis potestas*" means "rude policeman from London." But the necessity was upon him; as his book said one thing, Mr. Froude was bound to say something else.

Now all this opens a serious question with regard to Mr. Froude's earlier writings. In those writings Mr. Froude's narrative constantly depends on authorities which very few of us can examine and see whether they bear out the statements which Mr. Froude draws from them. Very few of us can test references to manuscripts at Simancas; it is not every one who can, at a moment's notice, test references to manuscripts much nearer home. But every man who has learned Latin can test statements which profess to be grounded on the volumes published by authority of the master of the rolls. When we find that, whenever Mr. Froude professes to tell the same story which is found in those volumes, he nine times out of ten tells us a quite different story, we are tempted to argue from the known to the unknown, and to suspect that the Simancas manuscripts stand to Mr. Froude's narrative of later times in the same relation in which the Saint Albans history stands to Mr. Froude's narrative of earlier times. The feeling is the same as when a profound inquirer into early Eastern history expects us to take his word for his knowledge of Hamite, Scythic, and Babylonish, while he shows in the course of his argument that he does not understand Greek, Latin, French, or English. It may be that the suspicion is unjust in both cases; it may be that some special guid-

ance is afforded to walkers in rough places which is not to be looked for by those who keep in smoother roads. Still, rightly or wrongly, the thought will force itself upon the mind that the man who cannot be trusted for a single detail in a narrative where every educated man can test him is not likely to be more trustworthy in a narrative where he has the vast majority of his readers at his mercy.

Mr. Froude's present attempt at mediæval history is the third of his efforts in the same field. Their scale has grown with each attempt. He first dealt with the life of Saint Hugh of Lincoln, professing to found his story on the "*Magna Vita Sancti Hugonis*" published by Mr. Dimock in the master of the rolls' series. This monograph appeared in one of the earlier volumes of Mr. Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects." The last volume of that collection contains "The Annals of an English Abbey," which profess to be founded on the series of Saint Albans histories — beginning with the "*Gesta Abbatum*" of Matthew Paris — which are also published in the "Chronicles and Memorials." In both of these cases the relation between Mr. Froude's narrative and the original which he professes to copy is of the kind which has been already described. If there is any difference between the two, it is that the departures from the original narrative are far more numerous and glaring in Mr. Froude's second mediæval study than they were in the first. Mr. Froude's annals of Saint Albans are in no sense the same story as the annals of Saint Albans of the only writers to whom Mr. Froude has to go for his facts. Mr. Froude's narrative differs from the original on countless points great and small, some of which may serve for controversial purposes, while in others the departure from the original seems to be wholly arbitrary. Mr. Froude's annals are in short annals of his own devising, of which the utmost that can be said is that most of the names and many of the incidents seem to have been suggested by the original annals. The narrative was not long ago so minutely examined in one of the weekly journals that it is needless to go again through the whole of the evidence which shows the real character of Mr. Froude's imaginary history of the greatest of English abbays. I will only once more remind the reader that this is not a case for any deep research, nor a case where there is any field for difference of opinion. It is not a case where the truth has to be got by comparing various and sometimes con-

flicting statements. In such cases men of equal learning, equal judgment, and equal honesty may often come to different conclusions. In the Saint Albans history there is no such balancing of statements to be gone through. There is only one detailed narrative; there is nothing to confirm or to contradict its statements, except when our one source for the local history of Saint Albans comes into contact with some of our many sources for the general history of England. In all other cases we must take our story for what it is worth, and judge it by internal evidence only. It is open to Mr. Froude or to anybody else to make any objections which he may think good to its authority. But Mr. Froude makes no objections to its authority. He professes to follow it as an authentic narrative, and then gives us a quite different narrative of his own instead. And, as an instance of Mr. Froude's singular indifference to accuracy in local matters, it is plain that he wrote nearly the whole of his Saint Albans narrative in the belief that the abbey church, lately raised to cathedral rank, was a ruin like Rievaulx or Tintern.

In his third undertaking Mr. Froude has ventured upon a subject of far greater importance and far greater difficulty than the life of Saint Hugh or the annals of Saint Albans Abbey. The life and times of Thomas Becket form a subject which has been surrounded with controversy from the days of Thomas to our own day. It is a subject which involves the treatment of some of the greatest questions which ever divided Western Christendom. It is a subject which involves the portraiture of some of the foremost men of our own history, and which is not dealt with in its fulness without some notice of men in other lands who were famous on a yet wider field. It is a subject which involves the examination of a state of things when causes which had been long working were bringing forth their final results; it calls for the treatment of the time when we see the issue of the Norman Conquest and of the causes which led to the Norman Conquest, and when we see that that issue was, not to turn Englishmen into Normans, but to turn Normans into Englishmen. It calls too for the treatment of that time in its œcumenical, as well as in its insular respect. The days of the first Angevin king were days when the immediate rule, not of England but of her ruler, stretched from the Pyrenees to the Cheviots, and when his policy took in all lands from Ireland to Jerusalem. Emperors and

popes, Sicilian kings and Lombard commonwealths, should be as familiar to him who would write the "Life and Times of Thomas Becket" as the text of the Constitutions of Clarendon or the relations between the sees of Canterbury and York. And the mastery of so vast a subject calls, not for the study of a single narrative, the biography of a single man, or the annals of a single monastery, but for familiarity with a whole contemporary literature. The life of Thomas Becket has to be read in a crowd of independent biographies, and yet more in the endless correspondence of himself, his friends, and his enemies. All these writings have to be carefully studied, carefully weighed, alike in their actual statements and in the coloring with which their statements are overlaid. And to master the times of Thomas Becket needs a further study of the general sources of English, and indeed of European, history. Nor is contemporary history enough either in England or elsewhere. No man can understand the twelfth century, who has not thoroughly mastered the eleventh. And no man can master the eleventh century who has not gone pretty deep into the centuries before it. A man who should begin his studies of the eleventh century in the eleventh century itself, will certainly find it a hard matter to grasp the true position either of William king of the English or of Henry emperor of the Romans.

But, beyond all this, the life and times of Thomas Becket is, of all subjects, that which should least be approached in the spirit of the fanatic or of the partisan. It is a time of controversy, of controversy from which we should, as far as may be, shut out the passions and even the memories of our own times. There are times, distant times, whose controversies are absolutely the same in principle as the controversies of our own day. Both in the earlier and the later shape of those controversies, we must do all that we can to be fair to the supporters of both sides; but we cannot help taking a side ourselves. We feel that, being what we are, we must, if we had lived in those times, have thrown in our lot with one side against the other. In the controversies of the twelfth century there is no absolute need thus to take a side. The controversies are quite unlike anything which we can conceive going on in our own times. Looking at the dispute between Henry and Thomas by the light of earlier and of later ages, we see that the cause of Henry was the right one; that is, we see that it was well that the cause of

Henry triumphed in the long run. But we cannot feel at all certain whether, being what we are, we should, if we had lived in the days of Henry and Thomas, have taken the side of Henry or the side of Thomas. We feel that, with the same sense of right and wrong which we have now, we must, whether we had been clerk or laymen, earl or churl, have gone along with Stephen Langton and Simon of Montfort. In those controversies right is distinctly on one side and wrong is distinctly on the other. In the dispute between Henry and Thomas, we now see that right was on one side, but it would be too much to say that wrong was on the other side. Given the same sense of right and wrong which we have now, our application of it to the points at issue would most likely have varied, according as we might have been clerks or laymen, earls or churls. In estimating such a time and its actors, we ought to be specially able to throw ourselves into the position of the men of both sides, to understand how both sides felt, and fully to take in that there were wise and good men on both sides. There are those who hold that, in any dispute between a king and a bishop, the king must necessarily be right and the bishop wrong. There are others who hold that, in any such dispute, the bishop must necessarily be right and the king wrong. Some on each side go so far as instinctively to set down the king or the bishop not only as being necessarily in the wrong in the controversy, but as being necessarily an evil man in himself. Fanatics of either of these kinds can never deal fairly with the great controversy which Mr. Froude has taken in hand. If we look calmly at the matter, we shall see that both Henry and Thomas acted as, being the men that they were and placed in the position in which they were placed, they could hardly fail to have acted. We may give our sympathy to both as far as the general case of each side goes. We must refuse our sympathy to very many of the particular acts and sayings of both. Both disputants have sadly degenerated from an earlier pair of disputants in a quarrel which has many points of connection with their own. Henry the First and Anselm knew how to carry on a controversy without loss of dignity on either side, and even without breach of personal friendship. Henry the Second and Thomas had doubtless their predecessors before them as their models; but the copy was in either case very far from reproducing the better points of the original.

Such is, according to my notions, the

way in which the life and times of Thomas Becket ought to be approached. And I do not fear that any one who knows what the twelfth century was, whether his view either of king or archbishop be more or less favorable than mine, will think any other way of approaching it likely to be of service to the cause of historic truth. Let us contrast Mr. Froude's way of approaching it. He is controversial, something more than controversial, from the beginning. He undertakes the study, not to throw fresh light on the history of the twelfth century, but to deal a blow at a party in the nineteenth. His first words are,—

Among the earliest efforts of the modern sacerdotal party in the Church of England was an attempt to re-establish the memory of the martyr of Canterbury.

It is not everybody who reads this who will fully take in what is here meant. The first attempt made, within the memory of our own generation, to examine and compare the materials for the great controversy between king and primate, was made by Richard Hurrell Froude of Oriel College—the Froude of the once famous "Remains," the elder brother of the man who makes this somewhat unbrotherly reference. The elder Froude doubtless belonged to what the younger calls "the modern sacerdotal party." His wish undoubtedly was "to re-establish the memory of the martyr of Canterbury." To those with whom historic truth comes foremost, and who have no special fanaticism, sacerdotal or anti-sacerdotal, the effort of a "sacerdotal party" to re-establish the memory of Thomas of Canterbury may seem at least as worthy an object as to re-establish the memory of Flogging Fitzgerald or of King Harry himself. To re-establish the memory of Thomas is at the worst a question of words and names, and of a certain law; it does not, like the two other "re-establishments," imply the defence of any matter of wrong or wicked lewdness. And the elder Froude's history of the controversy, if undertaken with a purpose of theological partisanship, was still a piece of creditable historical work. Done forty years or so ago, it was of course not up to the level of modern criticism on the subject. But it was the beginning of modern criticism on this subject. The elder Froude is entitled, at the hands of every one who writes or reads the story of Thomas, to that measure of respectful thanks which belongs to a pioneer on any subject. As

for his spirit of partisanship, those who stand outside the arena of all such partisanship might say that, when the elder Froude wrote, it was time that the other side should be heard in its turn. The name of "Thomas à Becket" had been so long the object of vulgar and ignorant scorn; his character and objects had been treated with such marked unfairness, even by historians of real merit, that fair play might welcome a vindication, even if it went too far the other way. Such a vindication was the object of the elder Froude: in the course of it he got rid of several prevalent errors, and made ready the way for more impartial and critical examination at the hands of others. The elder Froude did something to put one who, whatever were his objects, whatever were his errors, was still a great and heroic Englishman, in a historic place more worthy of him. At all events, he deserves better than to have his work thus sneeringly spoken of by his own younger brother:—

And while churchmen are raising up Becket as a brazen serpent, on which the world is to look to be healed of its incredulities, the incredulous world may look with advantage at him from its own point of view, and if unconvinced that he was a saint, may still find instruction in a study of his actions and his fate.

This way of speaking may seem startling to those who know the relation between the long-deceased champion of the one side and the living champion of the other. It may cease to be startling to those who have read Mr. Froude's slenderly veiled works of fiction, and who know the key to them. But to come to more general questions, the point of view of those whose sole object is historic truth may well be different either from the point of view of "churchmen" or from that of "the incredulous world." At all events, historic truth has nothing to do with the point of view of either. From that point of view which regards historic truth alone, Thomas appears in more than one character of which Mr. Froude takes no notice. In the wider view of history, the primate and martyr may perhaps hardly claim a larger space than the Englishman of Norman descent whose career shows before all things how soon England turned her foreign conquerors and settlers into her own children. The canonized saint may, perhaps, hardly claim a larger space than the great chancellor who did more than any holder of that office to raise it to its later greatness, and who, in that office, was the right-hand man of one of our

greatest kings, in bringing back peace and order after the days of anarchy. Had Thomas never become primate, martyr, and saint, he would still have been entitled to no small place in English history. Indeed, with him as with not a few characters in history, a world-wide fame of one kind has gone far to defraud him of a fame less brilliant, but perhaps more solid, of another kind. Leaving "churchmen" and "the incredulous world" to dispute about his saintship, both may perhaps "find instruction in the study of his actions" in that part of his life when he appears as the great minister of a great king.

And here I would ask leave for a word or two of a more personal kind. In approaching the life and times of Thomas Becket, I may perhaps be allowed to speak as one who cannot call himself a novice in the study of the subject. It is a subject which has been before my eyes, I might say, from my childhood. I long ago said what I had to say on the matter, in an essay which was reprinted in the first series of my collected "Historical Essays." I have since had occasion to give a summary of the tale in the last volume of the "History of the Norman Conquest." And I feel that, at both stages, I have labored, with whatever success, to extract the simple truth out of conflicting statements, and to deal fairly with the disputants on either side. I have drawn my picture of Thomas according to my light; and I suspect that I have not drawn him exactly according to the pattern either of those whom Mr. Froude calls "churchmen," or of those whom he calls "the incredulous world." That Mr. Froude has ever done me the honor to read those writings of mine I cannot venture to think. I am vain enough to believe that, if he had, he would have altered, not perhaps any expressions of opinion, but possibly some statements about plain facts. But I discern in Mr. Froude's treatment of his subject signs of a far greater lack than failure to read anything of mine. I see no sign of his having made use of the advantages which are offered in a special degree to him who studies the English history of the latter half of the twelfth century. To the popular mind, Mr. Froude probably seems to be, before all other men, the historian of Henry the Eighth; he seems to be, in those days at least, master of a domain which is thoroughly his own. It is perhaps only a scholar here and there who knows that the domain which seems to be Mr. Froude's is in truth the rightful pos-

session of Mr. Brewer. But there is at least no doubt to whose domain the reign of Henry the Second belongs. The Angevin reigns are the immediate possession of the great master of English history. He must be a bold man who shall venture to paint King Henry and King Richard, Bishop Hugh of Puiset and Bishop William of Longchamp, in rivalry or in ignorance of the living portraits which have been given to us by Professor Stubbs. In his great prefaces, the professor has set before us the reign of Henry the Second in every aspect but one. Unhappily the master of rolls has given the special memorials of Thomas to another hand, and has thus hindered us from having the whole reign of Henry, in all its relations, dealt with by the one man who could do justice to it.* Had Professor Stubbs directly told the story of Thomas, the appearance of Mr. Froude in the same field would have been grotesque indeed. As it is, one would have thought that no man would have ventured to deal with any matter in the Angevin period without mastering the writings which make the men of the Angevin period, the state of England and Europe during the Angevin period, stand out in full life before us. But Mr. Froude's sketch of the state of things when Henry and Thomas come on the stage shows no sign of any such studies. Even where Mr. Froude does not directly misconceive everything, nothing can be more meagre than his general picture. There is not a word to show how the controversy came about, not a word to connect it with earlier controversies. Yet the reign of Henry the Second cannot be understood without going back to the reigns of William the Conqueror, of William Rufus, and of Henry the First. Mr. Froude, in his introductory sketch, has something to say about Gregory the Seventh; he has

not a word to say about Anselm. Yet the position of Thomas cannot be understood without understanding the career of Anselm. Of the great work of the century, the fusion of Normans and English, that fusion of which Thomas himself is the most illustrious example, Mr. Froude clearly knows nothing. Nothing is more certain than the origin of Thomas. The idea that he was of old-English descent, the conscious champion of English nationality against the Norman, is a dream of Thierry's, which is now as thoroughly exploded as the wild legend of his Saracen mother, which Mr. Froude rejects indeed, but still seems to think worthy of discussion. Some of Thierry's kindred dreams I trust that I have myself dispelled; but this one was dispelled long ago by Dr. Giles and Mr. Robertson, following out hints given by the elder Froude. The mistake was most likely owing to the fact that Thomas was the first Englishman—in the sense of a native of England of whichever race—who rose to the metropolitan throne after the Norman Conquest. This fact might easily be so misunderstood as to represent him as having been an Englishman in the sense of being of old-English descent. The fact that, from the Conquest to the elevation of Thomas, no Archbishop of Canterbury, and not very many bishops of any see, were natives of England is in itself one of importance; but it has not the meaning which Thierry puts upon it. To Mr. Froude the fact seems to suggest nothing one way or another. But a point of far more importance in the history of Thomas and his age is the fact that Thomas himself, born in London of Norman parents, in the second decade of the twelfth century, was in all but actual descent a thorough Englishman. He has the warmest national patriotism for England, the warmest local patriotism for London. Of the feeling conventionally attributed to men of Norman descent in his age, there is not a trace in his story. There is not a word in the history of the writings of himself, his friends, or his enemies, which could suggest that Thomas was looked on by any man in the land as a stranger, or that he looked on any man in the land as other than his countryman. The importance of all these facts in forming our conception of the life, and still more of the times of Thomas Becket, can hardly be overrated. But Mr. Froude is so far from being able to make any inferences from the facts that he has not yet mastered the most elementary facts themselves. We seem to

* Let me do all justice to the editor, Mr. J. C. Robertson, who has been actually chosen for this work. On the score of minute accuracy, nothing is to be said against him. Some time back he wrote a life of Thomas, which forms a very useful summary, and in which he has cleared up several points of detail. Its fault is a sneering and carping spirit, the result, it would seem, of sheer inability to understand men of the scale of Henry and Thomas. Even local association—for Mr. Robertson is described on his title-page as a canon of Canterbury—cannot raise him to the level of his subject. But in all minute points, Mr. Robertson's hard-working accuracy is most praiseworthy. In the volumes of the "Memorials" which have already appeared, we have to thank him for a good text, well edited, to take the place of the helpless attempts of Dr. Giles. And in his prefaces he gives us many sound and useful editorial remarks. But the master hand would have given us all this, and much more. The whole materials for the Angevin reigns from the hands of the editor of Benedict and Roger of Howden would have been a possession indeed.

have gone back a generation or so when we read:—

Thomas Becket was born in London in the year 1118. His father, Gilbert Becket, was a citizen in moderate circumstances. His name denotes Saxon extraction. Few Normans as yet were to be found in the English towns condescending to trade. Of his mother nothing authentic is known, except that she was a religious woman who brought up her children in the fear of God.

Mr. Froude adds in a note:—

The story that she was a Saracen is a late legend. Becket was afterwards taunted with the lowliness of his birth. The absence of any allusion to a fact so curious if it was true, either in the taunt or in Becket's reply to it, may be taken as conclusive.

The argument doubtless is conclusive; but at this time of day the historical scholar as little needs conclusive arguments to prove that Thomas's mother was not a Saracen as the astronomer needs conclusive arguments to prove that the moon is not made of green cheese. As for the other point Mr. Froude does not vouchsafe to explain how either the name Gilbert or the surname or nickname Becket "denotes Saxon extraction." As however Thomas's father was a Norman of Rouen, while his mother came from Caen,* Mr. Froude's etymological speculations do not greatly matter. And, as Gilbert Becket was not engaged in trade,† Mr. Froude's somewhat hasty assumption against the likelihood of a Norman "condescending to trade" does not much matter either. These assumptions are important only as showing with how little knowledge of his subject a man may undertake to describe the life and times of one of the most representative characters in English history, when his avowed object is, not to discover or to set forth historic truth, but to run a tilt against a theological party which he has forsaken.

In short Mr. Froude, in his opening picture, gives us no picture at all of the state of Europe or of England. We get, to be sure, a few grotesque misstatements.

* The whole matter of Thomas' parentage is discussed by Mr. Robertson: see "Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury: a Biography," p. 14.

† I think that the witness of William Fitz-Stephen must be accepted on this head. He says (p. 183, Giles) that Thomas was born "ex legitimo matrimonio et honestis parentibus; patre Gilberto, qui et vicecomes aliquando Londoniæ fuit, matre Matilde, civibus Londonæ mediastinis neque fœnerantibus neque officiose negotiantibus, sed de relictibus suis honorifice viventibus." The Lambeth writer, on the other hand, makes Gilbert a merchant.

Over Scotland the English monarchs asserted a semi-feudal sovereignty, to which Stephen, at the Battle of the Standard, had given a semblance of reality.

What form of the threefold relation in which the English overlord stood to Scotland proper, to Lothian, and to the old Scottish fief of Cumberland may be darkly hinted at in Mr. Froude's queer phrase of "semi-feudal sovereignty," it might be vain to ask. But Mr. Froude seemingly thinks that Stephen was present at the Battle of the Standard; he clearly thinks that the English supremacy over Scotland was more firmly established after the Battle of the Standard than it was before. He plainly never took in that David, worsted in the battle, was successful in the war; he would seem never to have heard how the Northumberland of Waltheof and the Cumberland of Rufus were granted to a Scottish prince as its result. So we presently read:—

In 1159 Pope Adrian died. Alexander the Third was chosen to succeed him with the usual formalities, but the election was challenged by Frederic Barbarossa, who set up an antipope.

This is an odd way of expressing the fact that, in a disputed election, the emperor took the side of the candidate who, as his party was in the end unsuccessful, appears in ecclesiastical history as an antipope. In short, Mr. Froude took no trouble at all to master the real state of things in England or in Europe; he had work on hand much more to his liking; he had lighted on a contemporary writer whose witness he thought would tell with killing effect against the contemporary Church.

Mr. Froude's excuse for thus giving an opening picture of the times of Thomas Becket in which every characteristic feature of the man and his times is slurred over is that "characteristic incidents, particular things which men representative of their age indisputably did, convey a clearer idea than any general description." In a certain sense this is true: a particular story is likely to fix itself more strongly on the mind than any general description. But, if only the general description be a true one, the idea given by the particular incident, though it may be clearer, is not likely to be more accurate, unless the particular incidents are chosen with great care both as to the actors and as to the particular acts chosen. It may always be a question what are "characteristic incidents," what men are "representative of their age." If any man in a prominent

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position, a king, a bishop, or the like, may be taken as a representative man, and if anything that he indisputably did may be taken as a characteristic incident, it would be possible to give several ideas of the age, all of which might be very clear, but which would be singularly inconsistent with one another. One chooser of anecdotes might represent all twelfth-century bishops as being like Saint Hugh; another might represent them as being all like William of Longchamp. Nay, it would be easy to convey most opposite ideas by picking out different anecdotes of the same man. By taking this or that act which Henry the Second or his son Richard, to go no further, indisputably did, one might make a series of remarkably incongruous pictures of the ideal king of the twelfth century. Mr. Froude picks out the story of the death of the young king Henry, son of Henry the Second,* as showing "one aspect of the twelfth century, the darkest crimes and the most real superstition existing in the same character." To me the story is a very touching one. I am not clear that, under the circumstances, Mr. Froude's language is not a little too strong. That Henry rebelled against his father, that, having rebelled against his father, he carried on the war according to the brutal fashion of the time, are indisputable facts. The "burning towns and churches," and so forth, of which Mr. Froude complains, was bad enough, but it was at least not worse than the kind of warfare waged in Scotland by Edward Earl of Hertford at the express bidding of Henry the Eighth. And blame-worthy as was young Henry's rebellion, it

should be remembered that his mother and his overlord had a share in it as well as himself. If the elder Henry had been a better husband, he might have had more dutiful sons. And if, as Mr. Froude says, young Henry "drew on himself general hatred," he also drew to himself the deep affection of some. There is a contemporary narrative which even strives to make him out to be a saint and martyr.* And I can at least see nothing to sneer at in the deep and solemn repentance of his death-bed. I do not know whether Mr. Froude would have thought better of him, if his life had been equally criminal and his latest hours had not been equally penitent.

Mr. Froude next wishes to prove that "men who had so little pity on themselves were as pitiless to others." He tells— from Stowe †— the story of the heretics who were condemned at Oxford in 1166. It is a very remarkable story in many ways. I suspect that their tale concerns Mr. Tylor at one end and Mr. Arthur Evans at the other. At all events, Mr. Froude would have done well to mention that they are the only recorded heretics in English history for several centuries, and that they made only one English proselyte. They seem to have belonged to some of the sects which passed from Asia into Bulgaria and Bosnia, and thence into various parts of western Europe, southern Gaul above all. They were not burned or put to death in any way; they were whipped and branded, and turned loose, all men being forbidden to help them. Mr. Froude truly calls this "a fate more piteous than the stake." I think that we may see in this sentence a feeling of superstition—I can this time freely use the word—deeper than Mr. Froude seems to suspect. It is of a piece with various ways in which men have sought to cause death without incurring the responsibility of taking life, especially in the form of shedding blood. It is of a piece with the imprisonment of Antigone in the tomb; it is of a piece with Bishop Odo's club on the day of Senlac. I will not say that it is of a piece with the substitution of mutilation for death in the legislation of the Conqueror, because I believe that that was honestly meant to be a legislation of mercy, however different it

* The hand of a novice is curiously displayed in Mr. Froude's description of the young king, Henry the Third, as some called him in his own day. He becomes "Henry Plantagenet, eldest son of Henry the Second, Prince of Wales as we should now call him, called then the 'young king,' for he was crowned in his father's lifetime." This is not the way in which those who are familiar with the young king and with his coronation would speak of him. The phrase "Henry Plantagenet" shows that Mr. Froude is one of those who fancy that the nickname of Count Geoffrey was borne as a hereditary surname by his grandchildren. And why "Prince of Wales as we should now call him"? We call the present heir-apparent Prince of Wales, because his mother and sovereign has so created him. If the creation had not taken place—and in the case of several heirs-apparent it did not take place till long after their birth—we should not call him Prince of Wales. But why anybody should have dreamed of the eldest son of the king of England being Prince of Wales in the twelfth century, no man can guess. It is like the Dauphin who, in so many histories, is made to invade England in the time of John, a good deal more than a hundred years before the Viennese Dauphiny became the possession of the eldest son of the French king. Elsewhere Mr. Froude talks about "Prince William," "Princess Margaret," exactly as if they had belonged to the illustrious house of Hanover.

* This is a piece by Thomas Agnellus, a canon of Wells, printed, I think, in one of Mr. Robertson's volumes.

† Not that Stowe is to be despised. He was the only writer who made use of the contemporary life of Edward the Confessor while it was still in manuscript. Still it is odd to quote from him rather than from a contemporary writer.

may now seem in our eyes. But in any case the partisans of Thomas may comfort themselves with the thought that with this act he and his friends had nothing to do; it was wholly the doing of the king and of the bishops of his party.

Mr. Froude then goes on to ask, "What were the bishops and clergy like themselves?" The answer which any fair inquirer into the time would give is that there were among them, as among other men, both good and bad. The fault lay not at all in the absence of the good, but in the toleration of the bad. The bishops of Henry the Second's reign — setting aside the saint of Lincoln who had not yet shown himself, and numbering among them some men who were strongly opposed to Thomas — were by no means a contemptible set of men, either in attainments or in character. Age had tamed the fire of Henry of Winchester; Gilbert of London, Bartholomew of Exeter, Hilary of Chichester, were by no means men to be thrust aside in a few general words. Some of them had distinctly risen by personal merit. But all that Mr. Froude has to say in answer to his own question is to tell, and — what Mr. Froude surely need not have done — to spoil in the telling, the grotesque story of the scuffle between the two archbishops in the Council of 1176. As Mr. Froude has given an extract from Stowe, I will send my readers to enjoy the story in its fulness in Godwin's "Catalogue of Bishops." Here the chief performer was Roger Archbishop of York, Thomas's great enemy. Of him it is perfectly true that John of Salisbury repeats, as Mr. Froude says, a tale of crime than which nothing could be worse. But I suspect that Mr. Froude has hardly stopped to think on what light evidence such stories were told and believed in days when the restraints which in our day put a check on both speaking and writing were quite unknown. A man must have a large faith in the depravity of mankind, if he believes that all the enemies of Giraldus were quite so black as Giraldus paints them. John of Salisbury was a man of higher stamp than Giraldus; but it is easy to believe that even he would not bring the severest rules of evidence to bear on a story which told so strongly against the chief of the other party. And against the report which described Archbishop Roger as the most infamous of mankind, we may fairly set the fact, that his early promotions were due to the favor of such a man as Archbishop Theobald.

Mr. Froude then goes on to say: —

As to the inferior clergy, it might be enough to quote the language used about them at the conference at Montmiraux in 1169, where their general character was said to be atrocious, a great number of them being church-robbers, adulterers, highwaymen, thieves, ravishers of virgins, incendiaries, and murderers.

Mr. Froude gives the original in a note, and adds the reference, "John of Salisbury to the Bishop of Exeter. Letters, 1169." A reader who did not verify the reference might be tempted to think that it was John of Salisbury who gave this description of his brethren. But happily the letters of John of Salisbury are not at Simancas, and the passage may be found with an effort, even in the edition of Dr. Giles. He who makes the effort will find that the words come from the mouth of King Henry. The reader may judge how much or how little qualification is to be made on this account; but at all events when Mr. Froude says, "it is said," he should have added who it was that said it.

One specimen more does Mr. Froude give before he comes to his strong point of all. This is the character of Abbot Clarembald of Saint Augustines. Nothing, except the story about Roger, can be worse, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of an official report. Some might whisper that one cause of evil in this case was the exemption of the monastery from ordinary jurisdiction. But this is just the kind of point which Mr. Froude is not likely to stop and think about. The case of Clarembald — a strong partisan of the king's, as Mr. Froude does not conceal — undoubtedly proves a fearful lack of discipline when such a man could have been endured for a day. But it does not prove, as Mr. Froude evidently wishes to imply, that the clergy in general, or that abbots in general, were men of the same type. It would be just as fair to describe the virtues of Saint Hugh or of Saint William of York, and to infer that all other bishops were like them.

But Mr. Froude has a stronger point than all. He loves to take some one book or some one author, and to make use of him as a kind of text. It is not always a fair way of handling a subject; but it is often an effective way. Mr. Froude, we know, has tried it with the "*Magna Vita Sancti Hugonis*" and with the "*Gesta Abbatum*." He now tries it with the satires, prose and verse, of Nigel of Canterbury, printed among the "Satirical Poems" in the "Chronicles and Memorials." Here beyond sea I have not the book at hand; but I remember its general purport,

and Mr. Froude gives large extracts. Mr. Froude says with truth:—

In reading him we feel that we are looking at the old England through an extremely keen pair of eyes. We discern, too, perhaps that he was a clever fellow, constitutionally a satirist, and disappointed of promotion, and we make the necessary allowances.

A man must have a much deeper acquaintance with the writings of those times than we can fairly give Mr. Froude credit for before he fully understands how much allowance is necessary in such a case. Mr. Froude, in drawing his black picture of the twelfth century, has left out one of its chief vices, utter unscrupulousness of statement in the whole class of writings of which these of Nigel are specimens. I have mentioned some examples already. It is a case in which goodness of purpose is no guaranty of literal truth. No man was so likely to draw an utterly one-sided, a grossly exaggerated, picture, as a man who was really stirred up by righteous zeal against the vices of his age. As a rule, no sinner uses fiercer, or even fouler, language than a saint in a rage. One chief motive which imposes some measure of restraint on a modern reformer was absent. In our times, with our endless variety of sects and parties, each is a check on every other. Each is on its good behavior in the presence of all the rest. Gross scandals are less likely to happen, and, when they do happen, if there are those whose interest it is to expose them, there are those whose interest it is to hush them up. Every man observes some moderation in denouncing the vices of his own party, lest, in denouncing its vices, he should chance to endanger either its principles or its success. Every disputant now remembers the saying about washing one's dirty linen at home. But when all western Europe, setting aside Jews and Saracens, was of one theological mind, none of these motives had any play. Wherever the dirty linen was washed, it was equally at home. Wherever and to whomever the fierce reformer made his declaration, there were no Nonconformists, no outsiders of any kind, to hear it. He might rebuke the vices of priests, bishops, and popes, without being supposed to shake the foundations of the priesthood, the episcopate, or the pope-dominion. The greater was his faith in the thing itself, the more unsparing, the more reckless, would be his denunciations of all its abuses. In such a case we must take off at least as much from the denunciations

of an internal reformer as we should now take off from the denunciations of an external enemy. In both cases the charges are sure to have some foundation in fact: in both cases they are sure to be exaggerated; in both cases there is sure to be that particular form of exaggeration which consists in taking the worst case that can be found and making it typical of the whole class. In this way it would be easy to draw a very black picture of almost any class of men in almost any age. It would certainly be easy to draw a very black picture of classes of men whose average is far higher than that of the English clergy in the twelfth century. When we turn to the particular charges made by Nigel, we shall see that some of them, allowing for exaggeration, are true enough, while others seem quite wide of the mark. When he complains that the officers of the king's court and household were forced as bishops upon unwilling chapters and convents, he describes one of the chief abuses of the time, and it is quite possible that in this or that particular case all the scandalous details which he describes may have taken place. But when he speaks of the sons of nobles being put into bishoprics while they were still children, he is describing an abuse which was rather Continental than English. The English bishops of that age did not, as a rule, belong to great families, and they were not, as a rule, appointed in extreme youth. Henry of Winchester, grandson, nephew, and brother of kings, stands alone among the bishops with whom Thomas had to deal as an example of a bishop belonging to the highest rank.* Most of the prelates of his time had made their way to high places by personal qualifications of some kind, though those qualifications were not always of a kind for which we should now think ecclesiastical office the fitting reward. On one point there is little doubt that Mr. Froude has failed, through lack of familiarity with the language of the time, to understand the formulas of reviling employed by his author. Hugh Nonant, Bishop of Chester, Coventry, or Lichfield, whichever we choose to call him, drove out the monks of Coventry and put secular canons in their stead. Richard of Devizes bewails the act as well as Nigel.

* Saint William of York is also said to have been a nephew of King Stephen; but the pedigree is hard to make out. The custom of using bishoprics as provisions for cadets or bastards of the royal family, so common in some other countries, never prevailed in England. Bishops of noble families were not wholly unknown at any time, but they became much more common some centuries later.

In an age when change more commonly was the other way, the act of Bishop Hugh was indeed startling. Any one who knows the age will understand how any monastic writer would speak of it. The monk Nigel speaks of the monastery being turned into a brothel and of harlots being openly brought into cloister and chapter-house. Most likely all this means nothing more than that some of the canons were married.

I do not undertake the defence of an age when the deepest abuses were undoubtedly rife. But I ask for justice. I ask that a whole class of men shall not be described from the portraits of the very worst among them. And, leaving this matter aside, I ask that a picture of the faults of one class of men in that or in any other age shall not be taken as a sufficient picture of that age. To understand the life and times of Thomas Becket, it is indeed necessary to take in the great and crying evils which prevailed in the Church of that day. But it is also necessary to take in a great many other things, to the understanding of which Mr. Froude gives no help whatever. Having thus cleared the way by giving the reader some help towards forming an estimate of Mr. Froude's capacity for dealing with twelfth-century history, I may go on in another paper to see how he deals in detail with the life and times of the man whose age he has so thoroughly failed to understand, and whose origin and position he has so utterly mistaken.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XXXIX.

THE GUARDIAN'S LETTER.

ELMAR had resolved to say nothing to Katharina about the discovery of the document, but merely use it as a shield against the attack which she would probably soon commence. Moreover, he thought that Wehlen would speedily search for the hidden treasure, and, on missing it, suspect the truth and withhold Katharina from any violent assault, and in this way there was a prospect of avoiding an open quarrel with his sister.

The young pastor, who was greatly depressed by the consciousness that he had involuntarily been greatly to blame in bestowing his confidence upon Wehlen, was kindly, nay, even cordially, consoled by Elmar, while at the same time he informed him, so far as he was able, of the man's past career, as well as the circumstances which compelled him to permit the presence of such a person.

The worthy Reinhardt was actually horrified by these communications, and as he also remembered that Wehlen had told him at Dorneck that he owed his parish to his efforts, felt doubly saddened by the thought that, in a certain sense, he had been placed in his present position only to serve as Wehlen's tool.

A happy smile hovered around Elmar's lips, as he assured him that Wehlen's intercession had been utterly useless, and very different considerations had induced him to allow Reinhardt to appear as a candidate for his present parish.

Although the young baron rarely dined with his grandmother, he appeared at the dinner hour the following day, and the old lady must have expected him, for though he had not announced his intention, he found a place prepared.

All were very gay, even Sidonie was more talkative than usual, and Elmar was so delighted with his companions that he did not, as usual, go to his own room after dinner to smoke his cigar, but remained in the baroness's apartments. In spite of this, however, the old lady soon retired to take her usual afternoon nap, and Sidonie — though she generally spent this time in reading by the fire — also preferred the solitude of her room.

Erica, on the contrary, had taken her favorite seat, and when Elmar approached, said mischievously, —

"I am sure you are going to appeal to my compassionate heart, Elmar; so, out of my overflowing kindness, I will anticipate your request, and most solemnly grant you permission to smoke your cigar."

"Are you really so sure that your compassionate heart is to be put in requisition for a cigar, or have you perhaps some faint suspicion that, at this moment, it is very far from my thoughts?" replied Elmar, laughing as he seated himself beside her.

"How could I imagine such a remarkable circumstance?" replied Erica, also laughing, though there was something in her voice which belied the words.

Elmar leaned eagerly forward and looked into her face, but Erica's eyes were fixed intently on the fire, and he could not

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catch a glance. "You are, as I told you in Dorneck, a wicked little coquette, Erica," he said at last; "no longer the truthful little heather-blossom, whose feelings were so legible in her eyes."

"If that were the case," replied Erica, still fixing her thoughtful gaze upon the flames, "you must have read a great deal of anger against yourself, for at first I was in a state of chronic rebellion against you."

"Against me, Erica? I don't believe it. I saw only resistance against the feelings with which I inspired you. The little untamed bird struggled against imprisonment, as was natural."

"You at least have kept your sincerity, Elmar," replied Erica, laughing gaily. "This frank confession of the blindest vanity can almost be called magnificent."

"Will you deny your childish love, Erica? Can you look me in the eyes and say that my image was not in your heart in those days?"

The young girl must have feared that this experiment would disclose the truth, for instead of looking at him, she cast down her eyes and made no reply.

"Since the little heather-blossom has been transformed into a lady, who no longer shows her feelings so openly," continued Elmar, in a lower tone, "I am not so sure of my happiness, but I hope the lady will not give the lie to the child."

In spite of the treacherous flush on her cheeks, Erica answered in her former tone,—

"If the child really behaved like a little goose, we will, on the contrary, hope that the girl has become more sensible."

"Such boundless coquetry deserves a severe punishment, Erica," cried Elmar; and he seemed to wish to leave her in no uncertainty as to the nature of the punishment, for he leaned hastily forward, and only her quick movement saved her cheek from his kiss, for his lips lightly brushed her hair.

"I will tell grandmamma, Elmar," she said, pouting.

"Tell tales, Erica?" he asked, without apparently being much alarmed by the threat.

"To expose any one to well-merited punishment is not telling tales."

"Then if I am to be reproved, I will at least deserve it;" and this time he carried out his intention more successfully, for ere Erica had time to prevent it, she felt his kiss on her lips.

"Elmar!" she exclaimed, breathless with indignation, and tried to spring from her seat to leave the room, but the arm

he had thrown around her waist held her firmly, and she could make no resistance when he whispered,—

"These are the consequences of incautious threats, Erica."

"But, my sweet little heather-blossom," he continued in the same low whisper, "how happy I am in the thought that I can soon show the little woodland fairy to the world as my bride! When I bade you farewell in Waldbad, I was forced to summon up all my strength of will not to clasp you to my heart, and call you mine. The tears you shed at our parting fell heavily on my heart, and my resolution, which had hitherto wavered, became firm; I vowed at some future day to claim you for my own."

"If those tears were the cause of your resolution, I must unhappily undeceive you, Elmar. Those tears were principally caused by the separation from little Carlos."

His arm clasped her still more closely, as he said, "You forget that in those days I could read the language of your eyes very plainly. Those deep brown eyes, into which I so unexpectedly gazed when I awoke, are really to blame for everything, for they exerted a magnetic power over me. I have often thought of the strange fatality by which Katharina's obstinacy in insisting upon choosing that particular watering-place, to protect me from all the arrows of Cupid, was the turning-point in my destiny, and I—who had hitherto felt only a passing fancy—must needs fall seriously in love with a child."

"And what part did Caroline Sternau play in these passing fancies?" asked Erica archly.

"A very pleasant one. But for the society of that agreeable girl, I should, in spite of everything, have been scarcely able to endure the stupidity of Waldbad, and as, moreover, she served to divert Katharina's suspicion, she played a most praiseworthy double rôle. But, Erica," continued Elmar, again bending towards her, "you must now give me a direct answer to my suit."

"To your suit? You have not asked for my love, sir, but only authoritatively declared that you intended to show me to the world as your bride."

"You frighten me, Erica. I am in despair that my kiss has so signally failed in interpreting my feelings. I will try to make amends for the oversight as soon as possible;" and Erica did not seem to be so much on her guard as before, for he again succeeded in pressing his lips to hers.

"Elmar, you monster!" she murmured, but made no farther attempt to escape, and Elmar would perhaps have continued his declaration of love still longer in this very impressive manner, had not a slight noise in the ante-room announced the return of the old baroness.

"Grandmamma!" exclaimed Erica in alarm, trying to release herself from Elmar's arm.

"Will you tell tales, Erica?" he whispered, and seemed inclined to make the old lady a witness of the scene. At last, however, he slowly withdrew his arm, and had scarcely placed the necessary distance between himself and Erica, when the baroness entered the room.

"I hope you have slept well, for you have stayed away a long time, grandmamma," cried Elmar.

The old lady glanced at the young couple, took her usual seat, and said, smiling: "You look as if you could have dispensed with my society for some time longer, children."

"There you are mistaken, grandmamma, for your entrance, as on the first time you found us here, interrupted a very serious quarrel. The young lady by my side was just bitterly reproaching me for not having made her a satisfactory declaration of love."

Erica flushed crimson, but instantly regained her composure, and said: "The insolent assurance with which Elmar takes my love for granted, is really insulting, grandmamma."

"I hope you have repelled his bold advances with fitting severity, Erica."

"I was just doing so when you came in, grandmamma."

"So I appeared at a very unsuitable time. But calm yourself, my little Erica. I will protect you in your rights, and insist that Elmar shall go down on his knees to express his feelings in a proper manner and conquer your hard heart by his humility. But defer your quarrel for the present. I hear Sidonie coming; she received the long-expected letter from her guardian to-day, so she will not be in the mood to feel any special interest in your affairs."

The expression of Sidonie's face when she entered the room certainly seemed to justify this prediction. She was deadly pale, dark rings surrounded her eyes, and her delicate lips were firmly compressed. She held the letter she had just received in her hand, and approaching the old lady, said in a hollow tone, —

"Read it, grandmamma."

She then took her usual seat, rested her

head on her hand, and gazed at the fire, almost without noticing the presence of Elmar and Erica.

The old baroness took the letter, and read the following lines: —

"My reply has been long delayed, my dear Sidonie, partly because I wished to give you time to repent of your foolish refusal to marry Meerburg, and partly because I could not send you the necessary information before.

"You know that the sudden death of your parents prevented me from seeing them to tell them how gladly I undertook the charge of your property, and how much pleasure it would give me to receive you into my own family, if your uncle Rodenwald did not have the nearest claim to you. But at the same time, this sad circumstance deprived me of obtaining any exact information in regard to their wishes concerning you, and although aware that young Count Meerburg was intended for your husband, and the marriage was desirable on account of your property, my knowledge of the matter was very incomplete and superficial.

"By an unlucky accident, this future husband's uncle and guardian, at whose suggestion the arrangements for the marriage had been made, died almost immediately after your parents. You were still a child; Werner Meerburg was roaming about in Spain or Egypt, so I felt that there was no occasion to trouble myself much about the affair. When, however, Meerburg returned, and you reached your nineteenth year, I went to him — as matters did not seem to progress very rapidly — and asked for further particulars about the intended alliance, with which he, as I knew, was thoroughly familiar.

"He would not speak frankly, declared he knew nothing about any imperative considerations of property, and when I urged him to conclude his marriage, told me — it must be said, my dear Sidonie — that if he should decide to do so, he would not at any rate be betrothed to you until you had reached your twentieth year, as he hated such early marriages. I plainly perceived that this was a mere subterfuge to delay the decisive moment, and therefore became somewhat vexed, and said I would give him that length of time, but should then insist upon his declaration.

"As he would not consent that this should be the limit, I unfortunately believed that he was averse to the marriage, but thought it my duty to ask the question in plain terms, and was extremely sur-

prised by his answer. Instead of, as I supposed, being averse to it, he declared his willingness in terms of almost exaggerated joy.

"This was very satisfactory to me, and I supposed the affair settled, for I could not imagine that you, my dear Sidonie, would have any possible objection to Werner Meerburg. Your letter, which reached me soon after Werner's, therefore fell upon me like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and you must hear that I was really very angry with you, nay, am so still.

"Of course it now first of all became my unpleasant duty to ascertain the exact reasons for the intended alliance, and I therefore applied to Herr Sommer, the lawyer who had managed all old Meerburg's affairs, and was therefore probably acquainted with the matter. As, however, I preferred to discuss the affair verbally, and the gout confined me to my bed for some time, after which I was detained by other important business, I have only just succeeded in calling upon him.

"The news he gave me was certainly exact enough, but at the same time of such a different nature from what I expected, that I reproached myself for not having obtained more particular information sooner, in order to prevent a refusal on your part. Your parents were almost compelled to betroth their only child, when scarcely out of her cradle, to Meerburg's son, for this boy was the real owner of all your father's entailed estates. Yes, my dear Sidonie, a document Sommer showed me proves that Werner Meerburg is the heir of all the estates which have descended to you, and—if you persist in your refusal—only a small property, which bears no comparison to your present income, will remain.

"I hope, however, my dear child, that a due consideration of all these circumstances will change this capricious whim. Werner Meerburg is in every respect a brilliant match, for besides his great wealth, he is clever, agreeable, honorable, and, so far as I can judge, a handsome young man—a refusal to marry him, without any special reason, is madness. I should certainly shut my Luise up in her own room for her obstinacy, if she played me such a trick as you have done, my little daughter; and though you may be sure that I shall not stretch my authority over you so far, it is absolutely necessary for me to represent the matter verbally in all its bearings, that you may not run into any misfortune. Therefore, if you persist in your folly, I shall insist upon having a visit from you,

for you cannot expect your gouty old cousin to come to Altenborn.

"As for your desire to become abbess of Herdrungen, I have no reply to make, my dear Sidonie, for the whole affair is quite too ridiculous. Women do not become abbesses when they are young and beautiful, but wait until both charms have vanished, so there is no other course for you except to defer your wish until you are of age, and I am no longer accountable for your folly. I trust, however, that during the long time I have given you for reflection, you have grown more sensible, and will not continue to annoy me, since the gout and similar things afford me vexation enough. In this hope I am, my dear Sidonie,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"GUNTHER HARDECK."

The baroness laid the letter on the table, and looked at Sidonie. "This is no pleasant news, my dear child," she said quietly, "but I confess that I share Count Hardeck's hope, and see in it the only solution of this complicated affair."

Sidonie's black eyes flashed with a light by no means in harmony with the old lady's words, and the old repellent expression was once more plainly visible in the haughty curl of her lip. "You are joking, grandmamma," she answered, drawing herself up to her full height. "If it was formerly possible for me to retract my refusal, the opportunity is now forever lost. If, for the sake of paltry wealth, I should now consent where I before declined, I should be forced to despise myself, and never dare to hold up my head again. No; rather poverty and wretchedness, than happiness purchased by such dishonor!"

Elmar and Erica gazed in astonishment at Sidonie, whose loud, passionate words formed so striking a contrast to her usual manner. Elmar recollected Werner's words, and found in them the key to the mystery, so he turned towards her saying,—

"I know that Werner feared the impression of the news you have just received, Sidonie."

"What? You knew that Werner was the real heir of my property, and yet left me in ignorance of the fact?" cried Sidonie vehemently, her dark eyes blazing with an almost threatening light.

"No, Sidonie, I did not know it. Werner expressed himself in general terms, and was the more cautious, as he cher-

ished the hope that this dreaded information would never reach you."

"A generosity for which I owe him little gratitude," replied Sidonie, with quivering lips; "it wounds, humiliates me. I am ashamed of the elegance of my dress, the luxury which has hitherto surrounded me, for I am in consequence Count Meerburg's debtor. I believe the thought flattered his vanity and caused his silence."

"You are excited, Sidonie, or you would not make such an unjust accusation. In spite of your prejudice against him, you must feel how sincerely Werner loves you, and —"

A hasty wave of the hand silenced him. "Hush, Elmar!" she passionately exclaimed, "I will hear nothing about him. He has tried to humiliate me in every way, and I reject with loathing a love, which —"

"Sidonie!" interrupted the grave, almost angry voice of the baroness.

The reproof expressed in the exclamation seemed to fall heavily on Sidonie's heart, for she relapsed into silence, and gazed steadily into the fire, while her usually quiet features, now distorted with pain, looked actually corpse-like in their pallor. Suddenly she started up, and, hastily approaching the old lady, threw her arms around her neck, burst into tears, and exclaimed amid her sobs, —

"Forgive me, grandamma, forgive me! You do not know how utterly miserable I am."

The old lady clasped the weeping girl in her arms, murmuring low, soothing words, and then led her into her own room, where she remained a long time, until Sidonie had become comparatively calm. She thought it perfectly natural, however, that the latter declined to return to the drawing-room, but preferred to spend the evening in her own apartment, as she needed solitude to regain her composure.

After Sidonie left the room, Elmar instantly rose, went to the table, read the letter lying upon it, and then communicated its contents to Erica. It was a sorrowful thought to both, that just as their own happiness was beginning to dawn, this new shadow should fall upon Werner and Sidonie. The baroness found the young lovers engaged in earnest conversation, and they still continued to talk of Sidonie, so the evening was spent in a much more serious way than it had begun. But when Elmar withdrew, notwithstanding the baroness's presence, he could not refrain from clasping the blushing Erica in his arms, and in spite of the unsatisfactory

declaration of love, she permitted his good-night kiss.

XL.

THE RIDE.

WHEN Sidonie entered the sitting-room the next morning her features again wore their usual quiet, cold expression, and her increased pallor alone betrayed past agitation, as the weary look in her eyes perhaps revealed a sleepless night. She did not mention the letter again, and both the old lady and Erica knew her well enough to be aware that she had conquered her grief so far as not to show any external signs of it, and therefore desired total silence to be maintained in regard to the affair.

In the course of the morning the princess, who for several days had not been well, and therefore remained in her own room, asked if the young ladies felt disposed to join her in a ride. In spite of the season of the year, the air was mild and pleasant, the sun shone brightly, and Erica's eyes sparkled at the thought of once more enjoying the pleasure of a swift gallop. Sidonie hesitated, she evidently wished to gain sufficient self-control to accept the invitation. The bodily weakness caused by her mental sufferings was, however, so great, that, against her will, she was obliged to decline, and, perhaps in order to render her own absence less remarkable, earnestly desired Erica to make one of the party, and eagerly persuaded her to join it.

"Perhaps Elmar will be displeased, grandamma?" asked Erica doubtfully, in order to obtain the old lady's sanction.

The baroness certainly feared that Elmar would not be particularly pleased to learn that his betrothed bride was in Wehlen's company, but she had already gone out to ride with him several times, and the sight of Erica's sparkling eyes made it impossible for her to deprive her of the eagerly desired pleasure.

"You can go without fear, little one," she said; "Elmar, as you know, drove over to one of the neighboring estates early this morning, so we cannot get his opinion. I think, however, he will have no objection."

Erica was therefore soon standing in her riding-habit on the terrace, where Miss Ella was already waiting. Katharina had not yet appeared, but Wehlen was there, and apparently engaged in some little dispute with the head groom. Both were standing close beside Miss Ella, and she heard the latter say angrily, —

"The horse was saddled under my care, Herr von Wehlen, and does not need your inspection."

"I have no desire to interfere with your business," replied Wehlen, in a much more courteous tone; "I am only surprised that a lady's horse should be ridden with a mere snaffle."

"It is easily governed, docile, and good-tempered, so it does not need the curb."

"Very well," said Wehlen, shrugging his shoulders, "I am not responsible if any accident happens."

He now perceived Erica, and approaching her greeted her with courteous ease,—not even the quiver of a muscle betrayed any recollection of the unpleasant scene they had had at their last meeting. Erica did not possess this ready tact, and answered curtly in an almost embarrassed manner.

Katharina now appeared, and the whole party mounted and set off at a gallop. Wehlen's horse must have become impatient from waiting so long, for it suddenly reared and then sprang forward so violently that it required all his skill to keep his saddle.

"Wouldn't one suppose Herr von Wehlen was riding Satan, the head groom's horse, instead of Antonius, the quietest beast in the whole stable?" said one of the stable-boys, who had remained on the terrace, looking after the party. "I believe he spurred the animal to show off before the ladies."

"I think so too," remarked one of his companions, "for he gave special orders that Antonius should be saddled for him to-day, and it wasn't out of fear, I'll bet. A man can always show off his riding better on a docile horse than a spirited one."

"And did you hear how our head groom was quarrelling with him again? He seems full of gall and venom whenever he sees him."

"To be sure, and it is only because Lebrecht was sent off yesterday evening. He has deserved it often enough, for he is a perfect idler, but his connection with Herr von Wehlen was what first made him lose favor with the head groom."

"And did he find it out last evening?" asked one of the men.

"Well, he has probably suspected for a long time that Lebrecht was a spy, and told everything that happened in the stable, but yesterday evening, as the head groom happened to go in to look after one of the horses, he found the strange gentleman busily talking to Lebrecht, and saw him put some money into his hand. I

don't know whether he heard anything wrong or not, but at any rate he took the sickness of Cleopatra, the horse Lebrecht almost killed, for an excuse, and discharged him on the spot. Herr von Wehlen tried to intercede for him, but received no very pleasant answer, Heaven knows, and oh! if the head groom had only seen the look he gave him when he went out of the stable, he might perhaps be a little anxious about his own place here."

Meantime the little party had gone down the winding avenue and passed through the gate of the park, where, leaving the castle on one side, they entered a road which led them now between level fields, anon past high hills, and then for a considerable distance along the banks of a brawling stream. In summer it was undoubtedly one of the most charming roads that could be selected, but, notwithstanding this, the head groom was not pleased with the choice; as in the slippery condition of the soil at this season of the year, it might not be wholly free from danger. He therefore rode forward to the princess, and remonstrated with her, but the latter was not in the habit of relinquishing her caprices, and perhaps was rendered still more obstinate by the half-contemptuous smile that curled Wehlen's lips, so she made a short, stern reply, and, touching her horse with the whip, dashed swiftly forward along the road selected.

The air was delightful, and—rare combination—united to the mild softness of spring the bracing freshness of autumn. The riders eagerly inhaled the invigorating atmosphere, their cheeks flushed, their eyes sparkled, and if the reins were sometimes involuntarily held in a looser grasp, that they might more fully enjoy the delicious air by riding at a slower pace, its very freshness soon tempted them into a swift gallop. The blue veils of the ladies fluttered in the breeze, their dark habits were sprinkled with flakes of foam from the horses' bits, and their gloved hands applied the whip lightly, but in consequence of always striking the same spot, in a tolerably impressive fashion. Either Miss Ella was offended by the persistent caress of the riding-whip, or, in spite of the fine weather, she felt in a remarkably bad humor; at all events, she did not show her usual quiet docility. Several times already she had shied violently, though Erica had been unable to discover any cause for her alarm, and now, with a loud snort of terror, she again sprang entirely across the road, so that the young girl was nearly thrown from the saddle.

The head groom was instantly at her side to offer his assistance; but Erica laughingly declined it, and patted the trembling animal, which in answer to the caress, turned its head trustingly towards its mistress.

"What is the matter with you to-day, miss? You are not apt to be timid," said the latter, as she again patted the horse's slender neck.

"I think I have noticed that Ella shies whenever An—Antonius approaches her," said the head groom in a low tone, fixing his eyes angrily on Wehlen.

"We sympathize with each other, Ella," replied Erica gaily. "You don't like the horse, nor I the rider, so we will both be on our guard."

"That is what I would seriously advise, Fräulein," said the head groom significantly. "I don't understand this business at all, our steady Antonius seems positively frantic to-day."

"He has probably been standing a long time, and the beautiful weather excites him," replied Erica carelessly, and giving her horse a light tap with the whip, galloped swiftly forward over the soft, grass-grown road.

The head groom remained a little in the rear looking after her slender figure. The graceful ease with which she sat her horse seemed to relieve his anxiety a little, for his face brightened, though he continued to watch Wehlen distrustfully, to see how far his suspicions were justified. Antonius, however, appeared to have grown more quiet, for Wehlen rode for some time beside the princess, engaged in eager conversation.

This had probably withdrawn his attention from his horse, for the latter suddenly became restless again, and ere his rider could prevent it, darted forward, and the next instant was close beside Erica, who was riding alone. So violent was the bound with which the unruly animal sprang against Erica's horse, that the latter was pushed on one side of the road, and in its terror reared, and was in imminent danger of plunging over the steep bank into the stream. Erica's cheeks grew pale, and her trembling lips were firmly compressed, but the next instant her eyes sparkled, and turning her horse with all her strength, she guided it directly against Wehlen. For a moment the two animals dashed forward side by side, then Ella darted ahead, and was soon in safety on the other side of the road.

Erica now looked back, and saw Wehlen bending down to soothe his horse. She

could not see his eyes, but even through the drooping lids felt the hate and anger they expressed. He pressed his hand upon his foot, as if it pained him, or he wished to convince himself that it was not injured, and then rode slowly towards her.

"I shall be careful to choose the other side, Fräulein," he said on reaching her, "that I may not again run the risk of having my foot crushed by your horse. In this situation, in case of a similar manœuvre, Ella's fair rider would suffer even more than I, so I feel perfectly safe."

"I am sorry if I have unintentionally hurt you, Herr von Wehlen," replied Erica gravely; "but I cannot apologize, as it was the only way to save myself from falling into the stream and thereby meeting instant death."

Wehlen laughed loudly. "I beg ten thousand pardons, Fräulein," he said courteously, "but this view of the matter really seems somewhat ridiculous. A quiet horse like yours does not plunge recklessly into a river, and even if you had lost control over it, the soft bank would have yielded and Miss Ella at the utmost only wet her feet."

"Perhaps so," replied Erica curtly, "my position, however, seemed dangerous."

"Then I have to apologize for placing you in this apparent danger. I don't know what has happened to Antonius to-day. I chose him particularly because I always like to ride a quiet horse when I accompany ladies."

Wehlen seemed disposed to ride on with Erica, for though she did not reply, and gave no tokens that she desired his presence, he remained at her side, and regulated the pace of his horse by hers. Erica did not know how to avoid the companionship, as she did not wish to openly offend this dangerous man, so she silently endured his presence, while reflecting upon some means to get away.

"For so little experience, you are already a very skilful rider, Fräulein," Wehlen began, after a short pause. "I see you know the favorite manner of apparently playing with the whip, and yet making it plainly felt."

"It is not necessary in galloping, but the English trot cannot be kept up for any length of time without it," replied Erica, whose interest in the subject conquered her repugnance to the speaker. "In galloping the regular movement goes on naturally, while the trot, on the contrary, must be skilfully aided, in order

to maintain its uniformity. An actual blow, by suddenly increasing the speed of the horse, would destroy this regularity, while this constant playing with the whip encourages the animal, and keeps it moving at the same pace."

"So the art of riding has been reduced to a certain system. But do you know how to make a horse caracole?"

"I am not curious about it, Herr von Wehlen, for I don't ride for others' pleasure, but my own."

"You are still in the first stage of riding, Fräulein Erica," cried Wehlen, laughing; "afterwards we are no longer satisfied with that; we want to shine, to reap fame and honor by our horsemanship. Besides, these little feats are very easy, and excite more fear in the spectators than is at all necessary."

"Does our road lead into the mountains?" asked Erica, almost anxiously, fixing her eyes on some lofty hills that rose before them.

"I hope we have not missed our way," said Wehlen, looking round; "besides, so far as I am aware, it only leads through the mountains for a short distance, and we then come out on the level ground again."

"We have left the others far behind," exclaimed Erica in alarm, as she also looked around. "Let us turn and ride back."

"Or rather go forward more slowly, to give them time to overtake us. If you will allow me, I can show you some of the feats of horsemanship we were just talking about."

"Thank you," replied Erica coldly, "but I have no desire to make Ella restless so near these cliffs."

"As you please, Fräulein," replied Wehlen, with a contempt, which, spite of his efforts, he was unable to conceal.

His tone and manner affected Erica very unpleasantly. The fact that she was alone with him suddenly fell with oppressive weight upon her heart, and she resolved to turn back and join the princess, who was at some distance in the rear.

"Merciful God, Fräulein, what are you doing? Take care of your horse!" shouted Wehlen anxiously, as, without informing him of her intention, she tried to turn Miss Ella. She had either pulled the bridle too hard, or the sudden exclamation frightened the horse, for it again started violently, sprang half way across the road, so that Erica almost lost her seat, and then stood still for a moment, trembling all over, while its nostrils dilated with its terrified snorting.

"Keep back!" she cried angrily, as Wehlen officiously hurried to her assistance, but the latter paid no heed and was already at her side.

"Pull the bridle firmly, that you may keep your control over the horse!" he exclaimed anxiously.

She made no reply, but took good care not to follow the advice, for the same manoeuvre had just made Ella rear. Strangely enough, the latter suddenly, without any apparent cause, once more rose in the air, and then, as if pursued by the furies, darted forward at such furious speed that Erica momentarily expected to be thrown from the saddle.

Wehlen instantly dashed after her, and Ella, as if in mortal fear of her pursuer, only quickened her pace whenever she heard him approach. Erica retained sufficient presence of mind to exert all her skill to keep in the saddle, while she held the reins loosely in her hands, as the terrified animal could not yet be controlled.

The road now entered the mountains, and as it grew narrower, the declivities on either side became more steep, and the wild speed of the horse more dangerous. Erica felt that she must fight for her life for the second time, and terror began to make her eyes grow dim, and rob her mind of its clearness. By a violent effort she struggled against the weakness, and summoned all her strength to try to regain control of the horse. The bridle was suddenly pulled with so powerful a hand that the animal, taken by surprise, seemed to yield to her authority, and Erica perceived with delight that she was beginning to regain her control.

It was high time, for the road constantly became wilder and more dangerous, the precipices on either side deeper, and Erica gazed in horror at the dangers surrounding her, whose full extent she realized for the first time when they seemed almost at an end. But Wehlen now rode up close beside her, and his snorting horse frightened Ella again, so that she reared, sprang from the road, dashed along a projecting cliff, and rushed straight towards the spot where it fell abruptly down into the valley.

Erica's deathlike pallor showed that she was only too well aware of this new and terrible danger, yet she did not lose her presence of mind, but exerted all her strength to save herself.

"Throw yourself from the horse! In God's name, be quick! Throw yourself from the horse!" she heard the voice of the head groom shouting from the distance.

Scarcely had her ear caught the words, when, with the quick, supple activity peculiar to her, she released herself from the saddle, and, spite of the horse's furious speed, sprang to the ground. She fell heavily on the earth, for a moment her long riding-habit caught and she was dragged along, but the next instant it fell, and she remained unhurt, while Ella dashed on, and in a few moments rushed over the edge of the precipice.

Erica heard the plunge of the horse, and the dull thud as it rolled from one projection of the cliff to another, and then fainted. When she recovered her consciousness, she saw the head groom kneeling beside her, looking anxiously into her face. She raised herself a little, and said soothingly, —

"No harm has happened to me. God has mercifully preserved my life; but without your shout I should probably be lying yonder beside poor Ella."

She shuddered, and her eyes filled with tears. "Look for Ella," she continued, sobbing, "perhaps she can still be saved."

"That is impossible, Fräulein," he answered sadly, "we must devote our whole attention to you. Lean on my arm, and try to stand, that we may see whether any of your limbs are broken."

Erica took his arm, and, with some little difficulty, stood erect. She felt bruised and lame, but seemed to have sustained no other injury. She walked slowly forward a few steps, to be sure that no bones were broken, and when she saw the princess and Wehlen waiting in the road, looking at her, a sudden shudder ran through her whole frame, and, turning to her companion, she murmured with quivering lips, —

"Keep that man from coming near me again; take me home, and see that he does not approach us."

"Unfortunately that is not in my power, Fräulein. I am the princess's servant, and cannot act independently in her presence. If it is possible, try to walk the little distance to where she is waiting, for she cannot possibly ride here."

Leaning on the arm of the head groom, Erica slowly approached Katharina, who called to her in a tone by no means so sympathizing as the young girl had probably expected.

"These are the consequences of your obstinacy, Fräulein! Why did you presume to enter another road of your own accord? I was half inclined to leave you to your fate, if my good-nature had not interceded in your behalf."

Erica gazed at Katharina, without fully understanding her words. Her head felt so confused that she was incapable of thought, and the expression of her features must have aroused the princess's sympathy, for she said more kindly, —

"You have been punished for your obstinacy severely enough, so I won't scold you about it. The head groom must take you on his horse, for how are we to continue our ride?"

"I should like to have some one look after Miss Ella first," replied Erica faintly. "If it is impossible to help her, it is our duty to put her out of her misery."

Katharina's eyes lost their gentle expression, as she answered harshly, "I believe it is my place to give orders here, not yours. Your conduct has already caused so much trouble that you have every reason not to tax my patience farther."

"Your Highness would undoubtedly have given the same order immediately yourself," said Wehlen, laughing, "and your caution has provided even for this very remarkable case; since the groom always carries pistols in his saddle-bags."

"That is true," replied Katharina, her face brightening; "and Elmar always declared my precaution ridiculous, and said I was not on the steppes of Russia. We see the wisdom of my order now."

"I presume no one ever seriously doubted that," replied Wehlen craftily. "Shall I give the necessary commands, your Highness?" he continued, and, without waiting for her reply, turned to communicate the order to the groom. The latter sprang from his horse, took one of the pistols from his saddle-bags, and entered a narrow footpath which led gradually down to the depths into which poor Ella had just plunged.

Erica sat down on a rock, and seemed to take no notice of those who surrounded her. The bewilderment caused by the mortal peril to which she had just been exposed, as well as her violent fall, produced a heavy stupor, which she was unable to shake off. The report of the pistol which echoed from the valley and announced Miss Ella's death, roused her from her lethargy, and made her start. She passed her hand over her eyes to conceal the tears that filled them, and then gazed eagerly at the approaching figure of the groom. She even tried to rise and meet him, but felt too faint to do so.

"Was Ella crushed, did she suffer very much?" she asked.

"No, Fräulein. The fall was too great,

she was probably killed at once," the man replied, placing the side-saddle he had taken from the dead horse on the ground beside her.

"Her Highness wishes you to put the saddle on your horse, Worlitz," said Wehlen.

"On Salvator?" asked the man in surprise.

The head groom now approached, and said: "On the contrary, the princess ordered me to take the young lady on my horse."

"As in the ancient days of romance, when elopements were conducted in that way," exclaimed Wehlen, laughing. "It would, however, attract considerable attention, if we made our entrance into the little city, from which we are fortunately not very far away, in so chivalric a fashion."

"We have probably had enough riding to-day, and shall return home," replied the head groom angrily.

"Will your Highness yield to your servant's very decidedly expressed wish?" asked Wehlen scornfully.

"I have no idea of doing so," cried Katharina, frowning. "Worlitz shall dismount, put the saddle on his horse, and go home on foot."

"Salvator is not a lady's horse," remonstrated the head groom, "and the young lady might easily meet with an accident a second time."

"Then give her your horse."

"I am riding Satan, and your Highness knows he deserves his name only too well. Antonius —"

"You surely will not recommend my horse, which has nearly broken my neck several times to-day?" cried Wehlen, and, as if in confirmation of his words, the animal reared and plunged violently.

"I forbid any farther objections," said Katharina angrily. "Obey my first order, and make haste; I am tired of waiting. Mount, Erica, that we may at last reach our destination."

"I shall ride home," said Erica resolutely.

The princess's eyes flashed angrily. "What does this mean, Fräulein? You will ride where I say."

Erica's wan features grew more animated, her eyes sparkled as they met Katharina's, and her lips curled with mingled anger and defiance, as she answered,

"I shall ride home, Princess Bagadoff, and never trouble you with my company in your excursions again. If my horse is not disturbed, I am not afraid to ride Sal-

vator, and shall probably be able to find my way." She sprang into the saddle, waved her hand, and rode quietly in the opposite direction.

Katharina was at first petrified with astonishment, then she burst into loud reproaches. The head groom, who had involuntarily followed Erica, was angrily recalled, and had only time to whisper, —

"Don't keep too tight a rein, Salvator cannot bear it. Ride him quietly, but not too slowly, for that makes him impatient. And don't be afraid, he is only unruly when people irritate him."

Erica nodded and rode on. Salvator seemed to find the light hand that held the reins pleasant, for he behaved perfectly well, and evidently knew the way to his stable, for when Erica hesitated at a cross-road, he chose the direction so decidedly that she quietly yielded. The castle soon appeared, and she reached the park gates without accident. Salvator moved up the winding avenue at a somewhat rapid pace, for it was long after his dinner hour.

Elmar was standing on the terrace watching for the party. The news of Erica's expedition had not affected him very pleasantly. Wehlen's companionship, without the protection of his presence, excited his anxiety. Now, to his surprise, he saw a solitary rider coming up the avenue, and soon recognized Erica. His heart began to throb with vague alarm, and he hurried forward to meet her. Salvator, who was anxious to reach his stable, now approached at a rapid gallop, and, without heeding his rider's attempt to check him, dashed past Elmar and stopped directly before the door of the castle. One of the grooms instantly sprang forward to help the lady dismount, but Elmar was already beside her, and lifted her from the saddle. She smiled at him, but could not utter a syllable; his anxious eyes wandered from her pale face to the horse, and he asked in bewilderment, —

"What has happened, Erica?"

She waved her hand, as if to say that she would answer presently, and Elmar instantly led her into the castle. When she found herself alone with her companion, she suddenly threw both arms around his neck, and, sobbing convulsively, exclaimed,

"Save me, Elmar! He will murder me," and then murmured in a lower tone, with the same convulsive sobs: "Save me, Elmar; save me!"

The little riding-cap had fallen from her head, and her hair fell in dishevelled waves over her shoulders. Trembling and sob-

bing, she clung to his arm; now that she knew herself safe, the strain upon her nerves, caused by her exertions to save herself, relaxed, and an agitation, bordering almost upon insanity, threatened to throw her into convulsions.

Elmar's first surprise was now changed to the most agonizing anxiety about her condition. He kissed her quivering lips, her tearful eyes, and whispered with soothing tenderness: "Be calm, my darling, you are in my arms, you are safe."

She clasped him in a convulsive embrace, as if she could not impress the certainty of his presence upon her mind vividly enough, and again murmured: "Save me; don't let him come near me."

Elmar well knew the name of the person who had thus aroused her terror, and, spite of the deep anxiety his features expressed, a heavy frown darkened his brow. He made no reply, however, but took the trembling girl in his arms, and carried her up the staircase into the old baroness's drawing-room.

When he entered with his burden, a loud cry of terror escaped Sidonie's lips, while the old lady started up in astonishment and hurried towards him.

"Erica has had a terrible fright," said Elmar as calmly as possible. "Her nerves have been greatly excited, and you must try, grandmamma, to soothe her and put her to sleep."

He went to one of the sofas and laid his burden gently down upon it. Erica seemed scarcely to notice the presence of the others; her dim eyes rested upon Elmar, and when he now moved as if to turn away, she seized his hand in terror, saying imploringly,—

"Don't go! Stay with me, Elmar! I am frightened when you leave me."

In spite of the young man's anxiety, a feeling of inexpressible joy thrilled his heart. Could he receive a stronger proof of her love, than this half-unconscious clinging to him as her support and protector? He instantly bent over her again, stroked her hair as one soothes a child, and whispered fondly,—

"I will not leave you, my darling; I will sit down here by your sofa and watch you."

She smiled, but held his hand so firmly that it was somewhat difficult for him to keep his word, and sit down in a chair beside her couch. The baroness now brought a soothing-powder, but Erica instead of looking at the old lady, fixed her eyes on Elmar's face, and only when the

latter bent over her and begged her to take the medicine, obediently submitted.

It was a strong narcotic, whose effect was soon visible. The convulsive trembling gradually ceased, and only at rare intervals a shiver ran through the young girl's limbs; the lids drooped heavily over her eyes, and her regular breathing showed that Erica was beginning to enter the kingdom of sleep.

Now and then her eyes suddenly opened, and her eager glance sought Elmar's figure, as if she wished to convince herself of his presence. Her hand still grasped his, but by degrees the pressure grew lighter, the fingers gradually loosened their clasp, and Elmar laid the sleeper's hand gently on the silk coverlid which the baroness had carefully spread over her.

XXI.

NEW OBSTACLES.

WHEN Elmar cautiously rose from his seat and approached the old lady and Sidonie, both looked anxiously into his face with an expression of eager inquiry.

"I can tell you nothing," he said gloomily, in reply to the mute question; "I lifted Erica from her horse in the condition in which you saw her. She came alone and rode Salvator."

"Salvator!" exclaimed Sidonie almost aloud.

He made a hasty, anxious sign for her to be cautious. "It is some rascally trick of that worthless scoundrel," he whispered softly, while, in spite of his apparent composure, his teeth were pressed so firmly on his under lip that it bled. "Her incoherent exclamations revealed so much. The miserable coward probably tried to revenge himself in this way."

"And Katharina?" asked the baroness in surprise.

"Katharina, I hope, will soon be fit for the insane asylum, where her caprices can be watched, and do no farther mischief."

There was such deep anger in the speaker's words, spite of the low tone in which they were uttered, that the old lady answered reprovingly,—

"Your excitement carries you too far, my dear Elmar."

"It only reveals what has long been hidden in my heart. There are the worthy couple!" he exclaimed, interrupting himself and approaching the window. Katharina is talking to Wehlen; it seems as if I could hear her disagreeable laugh. There is no trace of anxiety about Erica's fate, no qualms of conscience."

Elmar paused, and his teeth again pressed his under lip till it bled.

"I will go down, grandmamma," he said, when he had partially regained his self-control; "I want to send for the head groom to ascertain the particulars of the affair."

The latter came to Elmar's room just as he was in the act of summoning him, and, after relating the events which had occurred, said, —

"I came to you myself, Herr Baron, to beg you to interfere, and send that man away from the princess and the castle. Although I have no positive proofs, I am perfectly sure that he is to blame for the whole accident, and indeed caused it intentionally. Terrible as the accusation sounds, it must have been his design to murder the young lady, and Lebrecht, to whom I heard him talking secretly in the stable yesterday, was to have given Ella something to make her unmanageable. As this plan failed, in consequence of my dismissing the rascally fellow, Herr Wehlen probably intended to perform the trick himself, for he had scarcely come out of the castle, when he went up to Ella, took her from the groom, and led her a few paces by the bridle, as if he wanted to see whether she was properly saddled. My approach prevented this also, and so he tried to gain his object in another way.

"At first I thought he was frightening Ella out of malice, to make me angry; but afterwards I saw very plainly that he really had designs on the young lady's safety. The latter, however, had ridden forward, and the princess was talking to me, so I could not prevent what I really thought was only a fancy caused by my distrust of the gentleman. Afterwards I almost decided to defy the princess's orders, and ride back with Fräulein Erica, but I knew that Salvator, unlike other horses, always goes most quietly alone, and besides, I could not risk a sudden dismissal from my place. I have a wife and children, and the former's sickness has used up my savings, and even while I am employed causes me to practise the greatest economy, so —"

"Have no anxiety, my good Willich," interrupted Elmar; "you have done all you could, and I thank you for it. Leave the rest to me."

When Erica opened her eyes, her first glance fell upon Elmar, who had resumed his former seat. A sunny smile flitted over her face, and she held out her hand, but no convulsive pressure betrayed any agitation. Her face was calm, though

somewhat pale, and she said, in a jesting tone, —

"Do you know, Elmar, I have given you the *role* old Christel so often played in my childhood. When I was afraid to go to sleep, I made her sit down by me and held her apron, so that she could not get away, but she was not so faithful a guardian as you, for when I awoke I found myself alone, and the apron lying beside my bed."

"Don't praise me so much, Erica," replied Elmar, laughing; "I have not remained at my post all the time, for I went away to dinner."

"What! is it so late?" cried Erica in astonishment, starting up. "Why, yes, the lamps are lighted, and there is grandmamma too! I have a dim recollection that you were in the room before, grandmamma, and I did not notice you; pardon my rudeness."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, little one; but think what you will have to eat, for I hope you are hungry."

"No, I am only tired, spite of my long nap; I will take tea with Elmar at his little marble table, if you will allow it."

"The marble table is entirely at your service; but you will probably want to change your dress first."

Erica's startled eyes rested upon her riding-habit, whose torn, soiled condition bore only too distinct traces of her fall. She shuddered, and the old lady, fearing that her former agitation would return, tried to divert her attention, and then led her to her own room.

On her return, she took her usual seat by the fire, and called Sandor to her side.

"If you had been with me, Sandor," she exclaimed, patting the dog's head, "you would have protected me and saved Ella. You do not know, Elmar, that poor Ella is dead, lying crushed at the bottom of a precipice. I shall never ride her again."

Tears filled her eyes, and Elmar anxiously threw his arm around her and said hastily: "Calm yourself, my darling, I know all, and in order to do nothing hastily, shall not speak to Katharina until to-morrow morning."

Erica involuntarily started, and then, with flashing eyes, exclaimed: "I will never go to the princess's rooms again. How could she treat me so unkindly, so cruelly?"

"I think you will soon be entirely relieved of her presence, Erica; from what I know of her character, she will prefer to leave Altenborn with the chamberlain she has chosen, rather than yield. But let us

talk of pleasanter things now, and one of them is that Fritz is coming to visit us."

"Fritz coming here! cried Erica joyously, and then eagerly asked for the news from Dorneck, which his letter undoubtedly contained. But she could scarcely understand Elmar's answer; the exhaustion which she had hitherto conquered by the exertion of all her strength now overpowered her, so that she was obliged to withdraw and retire to rest, even before she had taken tea at the little marble table.

The following morning Elmar went to his sister, to demand Wehlen's instant departure. He had hesitated for some time, whether to satisfy himself with his mere removal, or hold him answerable for his conduct before a court of justice, but finally decided upon the former course. When he entered Katharina's drawing-room, he found Wehlen himself in the apartment, and the sight sent the blood so quickly to his heart, that he turned deadly pale. The next instant, however, by exerting all the strength of will of which he was capable, he controlled himself, and without looking at Wehlen, said, —

"Leave the room, sir. I wish to speak to my sister alone."

"I will await the princess's commands, Herr Baron," replied Wehlen with scornful defiance.

Katharina, who at her brother's entrance had displayed a little timidity, was now perfectly calm.

"You are quite right, Herr von Wehlen; it is a little too soon for you to play the master, my dear Elmar," she said, with her disagreeable laugh.

Elmar looked at her in surprise — her words excited no little astonishment, as Wehlen had undoubtedly informed her of the discovery of the document — and saw in her restless eyes the strange light which sometimes terrified him by its appearance, though its existence after it had vanished once more seemed merely a horrible fancy. But he now perceived that there was less hope than ever of conquering his sister by calm reasoning, and, in order to avoid everything which would irritate her, said as quietly as possible, —

"Give the order, my dear Kathinka, I wish to speak to you alone."

"I regret that I cannot gratify your wish. Herr von Wehlen must hear what you have to say to me."

Elmar's steady gaze caused a vague feeling of discomfort, and to avoid it she rose, and began to move about the room.

"Then the gentleman can thank himself, if he hears things which —"

"I forbid any such conversation, Elmar," Katharina hastily interrupted. "I will hear nothing against Herr von Wehlen."

"You will be compelled to do so, Kathinka, for —"

"Do you mean to insult me in my own apartments, Elmar?" exclaimed Katharina, angrily approaching him. The strange light in her eyes glittered so brightly, and there was such undoubted certainty of its existence, that he involuntarily turned away with a shudder.

"You see he does not venture to defy me, Wehlen," cried the princess exultantly; "he knows that I am the real owner of this house."

Elmar had regained his composure, and answered quietly, but in a loud, resolute tone: "You are mistaken, Kathinka, on the contrary I have come to use my authority as master. You will send this — your pretended chamberlain away to-day, or leave Altenborn with him."

Katharina laughed shrilly, and Wehlen's lip curled with scarcely perceptible but still deeper scorn.

"You hear, Wehlen, what we should have to expect from this so-called brother of mine, if you had not —"

"Do not allow yourself to become so much excited, your Highness," interrupted Wehlen, hastily approaching her. "Consider your delicate health."

"And all this ado about that ugly little girl, to whom I really gave the few attractions she has. You have practised a most unwarrantable deception upon me in this respect, Elmar," she suddenly continued, in a very different tone. "You always spoke of her with indifference, to mislead me, and you too, Wehlen, you never rested in your machinations until I took this creature into my house. I am deceived and betrayed by all!" she exclaimed passionately, as she paced up and down the room wringing her hands.

Elmar stood at the window with folded arms, considering what course to pursue. He could scarcely talk to his sister to-day, and was inclined to leave the room and send the doctor to her, when she suddenly paused before him, and said hoarsely, —

"Elmar, you cannot possibly be so destitute of all sense of honor, as to make this low, worthless creature your wife."

The blood rushed to his brain, his eyes blazed with anger, and, seizing her hand as she tried to turn away, he exclaimed in a threatening tone, —

"Beware of trying my patience too far,

Katharina. Your treatment of Erica yesterday was shameful, disgraceful, and if I thought you fully responsible for your acts, I would hold you to a strict account for it."

Katharina seemed intimidated by his glance or the firm grasp of his hand, for her restless eyes sought the ground, and she asked almost timidly: "Is she really your betrothed bride, as Wehlen says?"

"Herr von Wehlen is the last person of whom I should make a confidant, but he may now hear, with you, that I have been engaged to her a short time."

Katharina wrested her hand from Elmar's, and once more paced wildly up and down the room. "I'll go to grandmamma! She must interfere, must prevent this horrible affair."

"Grandmamma entirely approves of my choice, and sincerely loves Erica."

"Of course, you were always the favorite, whose faults were continually overlooked." Katharina threw herself into a chair so violently, that it was in danger of breaking. "Come here, Wehlen! Repeat what you just told me."

Wehlen obeyed, approached her, and whispered a few words. Elmar also came forward, for as Katharina seemed somewhat calmer, he hoped to make her listen to reason.

"I trust you will not forget what I told you just now, Katharina. If your chamberlain does not leave Castle Altenborn before nightfall, the abuse of my hospitality to you will force me to adopt severe measures, and cause your own departure. The gentleman may congratulate himself on escaping so easily, but I think the jail will not be deprived of his presence long."

"You shall give me satisfaction for this insult!" exclaimed Wehlen furiously.

Elmar shrugged his shoulders. "I should consider myself dishonored to use even my riding-whip on you, and if the task were necessary, would commit it to the lowest of my servants."

"You shall answer for this, sir!" Wehlen hissed between his clenched teeth, while his eyes flashed with fury.

"I hope you have understood me, Kathinka," continued Elmar, turning to her, without taking any farther notice of Wehlen, "and will act accordingly."

The strange glitter had vanished from her eyes, but they only expressed a deeper contempt, as she replied,

"We will mutually adopt our own measures. You must be satisfied with love in a cottage, while I take possession of Castle Altenborn as my rightful inheritance."

"What do you mean by that, Kathinka?"

"I mean to cleanse my father's memory from the stain of having made a woman who was so far beneath him his wife. In a mistress, one can, fortunately, be less particular in his choice."

"Katharina!" exclaimed Elmar, trembling with anger, as he pressed her forcibly back into the chair from which she attempted to rise. "If madness has already overpowered you so far that you wish to expose the honor of your father and the woman who so lovingly watched over your childhood to public scorn, it is my duty to interfere, and I will prove your mental incapacity."

"In that case, I will appear as a witness for the princess, Herr Baron," interrupted Wehlen. "True, it is a frequent expedient in English novels, to make troublesome persons harmless by placing them in a mad-house, but in Germany you would probably find it somewhat difficult to execute such an infamous plan. Besides, the assertion, which certainly greatly imperils your rights, has by no means originated with the princess. The rumor has long been in circulation, and at last reached her ears."

"A rumor, which is fully worthy of the originator. But this new piece of rascality, which does not spare even the dead, shall not prevent me from enforcing my rights as the master of the house."

"Those rights will be denied, sir. Even by the most liberal interpretation of the terms used in the document which establishes the entail, Baron von Altenborn's natural son can never be acknowledged as the heir."

Elmar summoned up all his self-control, that the scene might not become still more repulsive than it was already. He too now paced up and down the room several times to regain his composure, and after a pause, said,—

"I believe we are already in the mad-house just mentioned. My mother lived here for years as my father's loved and honored wife, and I have been the acknowledged heir from my boyhood. Your chamberlain seems to have exhausted his intrigues, Kathinka, or he would not have hit upon this half-absurd, though disgraceful expedient."

The princess had leaned back in her chair, and her restless glances wandered uneasily around the room. She seemed startled herself by the accusation she had made, and, as her excitement gradually passed away, her face assumed a weary,

haggard expression. Now she started, and said with evident effort: "On the contrary, is it not shameful to have been so long defrauded of my rights?" She suddenly paused, and sinking back again, murmured faintly, "Speak for me, Wehlen, I cannot remember what I wanted to say."

"If you wish to remain here as master any longer," Wehlen obediently began, "you will, under any circumstances, be obliged to produce your parents' marriage certificate. It is not to be found in the church. So long as your rights are not proved by this document, the property belongs to the princess, and —"

"Do not attempt to prove the consistency of your words, or you will repent it!" cried Elmar, with flashing eyes. "If this evening finds you still in the castle, you shall be put out by my servants; so make your arrangements accordingly."

Without vouchsafing his enemy a glance, Elmar left the room, but when the door closed behind him, he involuntarily paused to draw a long breath, and then passed his hand over his forehead as if to smooth away the angry frown, but a deep line still remained between the eyebrows. When he had reached his room, he paced up and down several times, murmuring involuntarily,—

"He knows that the scandal this matter will excite, the indignation at the insult offered to the dead, will cause me inexpressible annoyance and grief; so even if the whole affair is speedily settled, his revenge will be sufficiently gratified. And yet I see no way to prevent it, for, even if he leaves the castle, his influence over that crack-brained woman will remain."

From Chambers' Journal.

STORY OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

A PASSING sigh of regret has noted the recent demise, at the good old age of eighty-six, of one of the most remarkable men of our time. Seldom has it been our lot to record in the pages of this journal the story of one whose genius was of so wild and fantastic a character as that of this veteran artist, who won his maiden fame in the days of George III., and has passed away in the latter part of the reign of Queen Victoria.

George Cruikshank, who was of Scotch parentage, was born in London on September 27, 1792. His father was an artist

of the caricature order, contemporary with Gilray; and his elder brother Robert was a draughtsman who, though of no great ability, had a strong Cruikshankian manner about him. George began to sketch at a very early age; and at the commencement of the present century he got a living by making etchings for the booksellers. His father had originally intended to train up his son for the stage; but perceiving that his inclinations lay in quite another direction, he allowed him to cultivate those artistic talents which were afterwards to be a source of delight to himself and to the public. In 1805 the lad sketched Lord Nelson's funeral car; and his illustrations of the "O. P." riots at Covent Garden Theatre in 1809 attracted considerable attention at the time. Some of his earliest sketches depict characters who were the centre of interest at that period, but whose names have now quite an ancient ring about them.

Before the reign of George III. was over, the young artist had made a conspicuous name as a caricaturist and comic designer. His first designs were in connection with cheap songs and children's books; and after that he furnished political caricatures to the *Scourge* and other satirical publications, besides doing a good deal of work for Mr. Hone's books and periodicals during several years. Indeed this famous publisher was the first to perceive the talents of the artist, and to introduce his rather eccentric sketches to the public. It is related of the young Cruikshank that, having a desire to follow art in the higher department, he endeavored on one occasion to study at the Academy. The schools at that period were restricted in space and much crowded. On sending up to Fuseli his figure in plaster, the professor returned the characteristic but discouraging answer: "He may come, but he will have to fight for a seat." Cruikshank never repeated his attempt to enter the Academy, although he afterwards became an exhibitor. His pencil was ever enlisted on the side of suffering and against oppression, and it is therefore not surprising to find that the cause of the ill-used Queen Caroline was greatly benefited by its scathing satire. Some special hits were made by the artist on this occasion, for it was a subject on which the public mind was very much excited, and one design, which was entitled "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder," ran through fifty editions.

In 1830, when the government had determined to suppress the agitation for

Parliamentary reform, Cruikshank, at the request of his old patron Hone, produced some political illustrations, which are said to have convulsed with laughter the ministry at whom they were directed, and to whom they did incalculable damage. One of these, called "The Political House that Jack Built," was particularly good, and within a very short time one hundred thousand copies of it were sold. A few years later George abandoned political caricature and gave himself up to the illustration of works of humor and fancy, to the exposure of passing follies in dress and social manners, and to grave and often tragic moralizing on the vices of mankind.

In the year 1821 he illustrated—and indeed originated—the celebrated "Life in London" of Pierce Egan, a work better known by the title of "Tom and Jerry." The book was published in sheets and enjoyed an enormous success, establishing the name of George Cruikshank as the first comic artist of the day. The plates for this work were in *aquatint*, and though not in Cruikshank's best manner, they exhibited that variety of observation and marvellous fulness of detail for which the designer was always remarkable. The letterpress of the work was, however, written in too free a manner for the moral intention with which the plates were drawn; and offended at the gross use to which his illustrations were applied, the great artist retired from the engagement before the work was completed.

It was related to the writer of this article by Cruikshank himself that, when a very young man, he was one day engaged in hastily sketching a work of rather questionable character. While he was doing it, his mother and another lady entered the room, and he quickly hid the sketch away. The act, however, so disturbed him that he resolved never to allow his pencil to produce any work in the future at which a virtuous woman could not look without a blush. The pure moral tone of all his works attests how well he kept so noble a resolve.

From 1823 down to many years later, George Cruikshank was the most highly esteemed of English book-illustrators. Work poured in upon him at a prodigious rate; but being a man of singular energy and tireless industry, he was always equal to the demand. His designs for "Italian Tales," Grimm's "German Stories," the wild legend of "Peter Schlemihl," the shadowless man, "Baron Munchausen," and Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," are amongst his best and highest works. He

also illustrated some of Washington Irving's works of fiction, Fielding and Smollett's books, beside Maxwell's graphic "History of the Irish Rebellion." It would, however, be impossible, in this brief notice of his life, to mention one tithe of the works that have emanated from the untiring pencil of this remarkable man. But the generation which is passing away cannot fail to remember his celebrated "Mornings at Bow Street," a series of sketches which depicted and ruthlessly exposed the dark and savage side of London life.

The genius of Charles Dickens, as he formerly had occasion to remark, received invaluable assistance from Cruikshank's pencil, which illustrated the first writings of the young author, and thus paved the way for him to a larger audience than he might otherwise have had. In the first month of 1837 appeared the opening number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, edited by "Boz" (Charles Dickens), then in the flush of his "Pickwick" success, and illustrated by Cruikshank. In the second number of the *Miscellany*, Dickens commenced "Oliver Twist," a work not only illustrated by Cruikshank, but for which the latter it appears had himself supplied, unwittingly, some of the characters.

George used to say that he had drawn the figures of Fagin, Bill Sikes and his dog, Nancy, the Artful Dodger, and Charley Bates, before "Oliver Twist" was written; and that Dickens seeing the sketches one day shortly after the commencement of the story, determined to change his plot, and instead of keeping Oliver in the country, resolved to bring him to town, and throw him (with entire innocence) into the company of thieves. Fagin, was sketched from a rascally old Jew whom Cruikshank had observed in the neighborhood of Saffron Hill, and whom he watched and "studied" for several weeks. The artist had also conceived the terrible face of "Fagin in the Condemned Cell" as he sits gnawing his nails, in the curious, accidental way we lately narrated to our readers. He had been working at the subject for some days without satisfying himself; when sitting up in bed one morning with his hands on his chin and his fingers in his mouth, he saw his face in the glass, and at once exclaimed: "*That's it! that's the face I want!*"

Nobody who has seen the sketches to "Oliver Twist" can ever forget them, and two at least of the series are perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of genius, namely the death of

Sikes on the roof of the old house at the river-side, and the despair of Fagin in his cell. In fact some of Cruikshank's best work in the delineation of low and depraved life and the squalid picturesqueness of criminal haunts, appeared in the above-named book. His illustrations to Harrison Ainsworth's works were also for the most part charming specimens of what may be appropriately termed the "Cruikshankian" art. At the same time he sketched the designs for some of the "Ingoldsby Legends," as they appeared from time to time in the *Miscellany*. In 1841 he set up on his own account a monthly periodical called the *Omnibus*, of which Laman Blanchard was the editor; and subsequently joined Mr. Ainsworth in the magazine which that gentleman had started in his own name; the great artist, in a series of splendid plates of the highest conception, illustrating "The Miser's Daughter" and other works from the pen of the proprietor. For several years Cruikshank had been publishing a "Comic Almanac," which was a great favorite with the public, and was always brimming full of fun and prodigal invention. In 1863 a "Cruikshank Gallery" was opened at Exeter Hall, in which were exhibited a great number of his works, extending over a period of sixty years. The exhibition originated from a desire on the artist's part to shew the public that they were all done by the same hand, and that he was not, in fact, *his own grandfather*; some people having asserted that the author of his later works was the grandson of the man who had sketched the earliest ones.

He will perhaps be remembered most affectionately by the great industrial portion of the people as the apostle as well as the artist of temperance. Perceiving drunkenness to be the national vice, he depicted its horrors from the studio, and denounced its woes from the platform. It was about the year 1845 that he joined the teetotalers; and in 1847 he brought out a set of plates called "The Bottle," a kind of "Drunkard's Progress," in eight designs, executed in glypography with remarkable power and tragic intensity, not unlike some of the works of Hogarth. The success of these extraordinary engravings was enormous. Dramas were founded on the story at the minor theatres, and the several tableaux were reproduced on the stage. He soon published a sequel to "The Bottle," and did a great deal of work for the temperance societies; but it was observed that his style suffered somewhat by the contraction of his ideas and

sympathies, and his reputation declined amongst the general public in proportion to the increase of his popularity amongst the teetotalers. He remained, however, the staunch friend and ally of the temperance leaders up to the day of his death; and he used to say that for years before he became a total abstainer he was the enemy of drunkenness with his pencil, but that later experience had taught him that precept without example was of little avail. There is no doubt that, though the good he was able to do by persuading others to whom drink was a positive injury, brought great satisfaction to his mind, it alienated from him to a great extent the friendship, to their loss, of his former companions. But to know his duty was for George Cruikshank to do it, and nobly did he stand by the cause which he had espoused. His advocacy of temperance is also said to have been a great pecuniary loss to him; and the writer of this article remembers having heard him say, a few years since, that he had lost a commission to paint the portrait of a nobleman, because somebody had told the latter that since George Cruikshank had become a teetotaler he had lost all his talent! The hearty laugh which accompanied the recital of the story rings in the writer's ears still.

Perhaps his greatest work in the cause of temperance, as it is certainly his most extraordinary one, is the large oil-painting called "The Worship of Bacchus," which now hangs in the National Gallery. It represents the various phases of our national drinking system, from the child in its cradle to the man's descent to the grave. There are many hundreds of figures depicted on the canvas, engaged in all the different customs of so-called civilized life; and the sad lesson it reads is well deserving the attention of all who love their country, and would prefer to witness its increased prosperity rather than its decline. Cruikshank had the honor of describing the picture to her Majesty the queen at Windsor in 1863; and since then it has been exhibited in all the principal towns and cities of the United Kingdom. Finally, it was presented by the teetotalers to the nation, having been purchased from the artist by means of a subscription. The time spent in the preparation of this work must have been very great, indeed it might well have been the study of an ordinary lifetime. An engraving of the picture was published some time ago, in which all the figures were outlined by the painter and finished by Mr. Mottram.

In his own way, George Cruikshank was a philanthropist, and to the end of his life it was his proud boast that he had put a stop to hanging for forging bank-notes. The story, as told by himself, is so interesting, that we need not apologize for placing it before our readers. He lived in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street; and on his returning from the bank of England one morning he was horrified at seeing several persons, two of whom were women, hanging on the gibbet in front of Newgate. On his making inquiries as to the nature of their crime, he was told that they had been put to death for forging *one-pound* Bank of England notes. The fact that a poor woman could be put to death for such a minor offence had such an effect upon him, that he hurried home, determined, if possible, to put a stop to such wholesale destruction of life.

Cruikshank was well acquainted with the habits of the low class of society in London at that time, as it had been necessary for him to study them in the furtherance of his art, and he knew well that it was most likely that the poor women in question were simply the unconscious instruments of the miscreants who forged the notes, and had been induced by them to tender the false money to some publican or other. In a few minutes after his arrival at his residence he had designed and sketched a "Bank-note not to be Imitated." Shortly afterwards, William Hone, the publisher, called on him, and seeing the sketch lying on the table, he was much struck with it.

"What are you going to do with this, George?" he asked.

"To publish it," replied the artist.

"Will you let me have it?" inquired Hone.

"Willingly," said Cruikshank; and making an etching of it there and then, he gave it to Hone, and it was published; the result being, that "I had the satisfaction of knowing that no man or woman was ever hanged afterwards for passing forged one-pound Bank of England notes."

In 1863 he published an amusing pamphlet against the belief in ghosts, illustrated by some weird fantastic sketches on wood. But his public appearances now became less frequent. During the later years of his life he gave considerable attention to oil-painting, and he used greatly to regret that he had not received a more artistic education, stating that when he first saw the cartoons of Raphael he felt overpowered by a sort of shame at his own comparative deficiencies. He has,

however, left some good specimens of his power in oil in "Tam o' Shanter," "A Runaway Knock," and "Disturbing the Congregation;" the last-named having been bought by the late prince consort, and afterwards engraved. The design of the Bruce Memorial, which has been so much admired, was also from the pencil of George Cruikshank; and the last contribution from his pen to the public press was a letter on this subject.

His personal appearance was no less remarkable than his works. Rather below middle stature, and thick-set, with a rather sharp Roman nose, piercing eyes, a mouth full of lurking humor, and wild elf-locks flowing about his face, he at once attracted attention as a man of genius, energy, and character. He was always famous for great courage and spirit, which, added to his muscular power, made him very capable of holding his own everywhere.

Though accustomed to depict life in its shadier phases, Cruikshank was of a naturally joyous disposition. In social life his humor was inimitable; and his readiness to add to the amusement of his host and his host's guests was only equalled by the unique way in which he played the part of actor, singer, and dancer. The fact of his being a teetotaler in no way interfered with his honest natural merry nature; with old and young alike he was a deserved favorite. Young folks were especially fond of the dear old man. Dining with some other guests at the London house of a friend of the writer's some five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Cruikshank when asked to favor the company with a song, struck up the comic ditty of "Billy Taylor, that Brisk Young Fellow," and danced an accompaniment, much to the amusement of the good folks present. "Not so bad for one of your teetotalers," quoth the veteran as he returned to his seat.

In his earlier years he ventured alone into the worst dens of criminal London, and since he had grown old he actually captured a burglar in his own house and with his own hands. In many ways he contributed to the public amusement and the public good; and during the later years of his life he was in receipt of a government pension, for though he helped to make fortunes for others, he made very little money for himself. He was a volunteer so far back as 1804; and in our own days he commanded a regiment of citizen soldiers of teetotal principles.

There is on view at the Westminster Aquarium at the present time a splendid

collection of Cruikshank's works, each of which is a study in itself, while the whole, consisting of about five hundred sketches, forms a unique monument to his skill and genius.

As an artist he will be certain of lasting fame, for he managed his lights and shades with a skill akin to Rembrandt, while his delineation of low life in its every phase was marvellous. His illustrations to fairy and goblin stories were also beyond praise, as they could not be surpassed in strangeness and elfin oddity; and in this respect he was popular with young and old. His sketches must be innumerable, for he was, like all true men of genius, a great worker, and he must have toiled unceasingly through at least *seventy* years of his long life. He was attacked with bronchitis a few weeks previous to his death, yet with great care he was actually enabled to recover from this disease; but alas! only to succumb to an older complaint from which he had been free for years. He died painlessly, on the evening of the first of February last, at his residence in Hampstead Road, London; and while to comparatively few was given the inestimable privilege of the great artist's friendship, the grief of a nation for his loss attests the universality of his fame.

From Nature.

THE ANALOGIES OF PLANT AND ANIMAL LIFE.*

LET us begin our inquiry into the analogies of plant and animal life by comparing the egg of an animal with the seed of a plant. Let it be the ripe seed of a common plant, and the egg of a bird. Both seed and egg may be said to consist of the young creature and a supply of food which is stored up for its use, and is gradually exhausted as the young creature develops. Every one who has tried when a boy to blow a late bird's egg must have been painfully alive to the fact of its containing a young animal, and the egg we eat for breakfast may serve to remind us of the store of food which we diverted from its proper course of nourishing a young chicken.

Here is a diagram representing a section through the seed of a poppy, in which the young plant may be seen lying in its store of food containing a supply of car-

bohydrates and nitrogenous matter, which is consumed as the yolk of the egg is consumed by the young chicken. Other seeds, such as a bean, an acorn, or an almond, seem at first sight to consist of nothing but the young plant, and to have no store of food. The two halves into which a pea splits are the two first leaves or cotyledons of the young plant, the embryo stem and root being represented by the little projecting mass lying between the two halves at one end of the seed. Here the store of food is laid up in the body of the young plant just as many young animals carry with them a store of food in the shape of the masses of fat with which they are cushioned; the two leaves which seem so gigantic compared with the rest of the plant are filled with nutriment, and perform the same function of supplying food for the growth of the seedling, which is performed by the mass of nutrient material in which the embryo of the poppy seed is embedded. Recent researches have shown that embryo plants are possessed of powers which even in the present day it seems almost ludicrous to ascribe to them. I mean powers of digestion. Gorup-Besanez,* a distinguished German chemist, found that in the germinating seed of a vetch a ferment exists similar to the ferment in the pancreatic secretion of animals—a secretion having the power of reducing both nitrogenous bodies and starch to a condition in which they can be utilized and absorbed by the tissues, so that the embryo plant behaves exactly as if it were a minute animal digesting and absorbing the store of food with which it is supplied. The power of digesting starch possessed by the embryo plant has been brilliantly demonstrated by Van Tieghem,† who found that the embryo removed from the seed of the marvel of Peru (*Mirabilis jalapa*) was distinctly nourished if placed in an artificial seed made of starch paste. He found that the starch paste was actually corroded by the young plant, proving that a digestive ferment had been at work.

This wonderful experiment is of special interest as proving that the digestive ferment is a product of the young plant itself, just as the digestive juice of an animal is a secretion from its stomach. It is indeed a striking thought that whether we grind up a grain of wheat to flour and eat it ourselves as bread, or whether we let the seed germinate, in which case the young

* A lecture delivered at the London Institution on March 11 by Francis Darwin, M.B.

* *Deutsch. chem. Gesellsch.*, 1874; *Botanische Zeitung*, 1875, p. 555.

† *Am. Sc. Nat.*, 1873, xvii., p. 205.

plant eats it, the process is identically the same.

The power of storing up food in a fixed condition and utilizing it when required is a most important function both in animal and plant physiology. And just as this utilization is seen in the seed to be brought about by a ferment — by a digestive process — so probably wherever the transference or utilization of food-stores occurs it is effected by ferments. If this be so it would seem that the processes of digestion proper, as they occur in the stomach and intestines of animals and on the leaves of carnivorous plants, I say it is probable that these processes are only a specialization* of a widely-spread power, which may exist in the simplest protoplasmic ancestor of animals and plants. In this case we shall have no right to consider the existence of carnivorous plants anything strange or bizarre; we should not consider it, as seems sometimes to be done, an eccentric and unaccountable assumption of animal properties by plants; but rather the appearance of a function which we have quite as much right to expect in plants as in animals. Not that this view makes the fact of vegetable digestion any less wonderful, but rather more interesting as probably binding together by community of descent a wide class of physiological functions. Let us now pass on to consider the analogies of plants and animals in a more advanced stage of life.

Great differences exist among animals as to the degree of development attained before the young ones enter the world. A young kangaroo is born in a comparatively early stage of development, and is merely capable of passive existence in its mother's pouch, while a young calf or lamb soon leads an active existence. Or compare a human child which passes through so prolonged a condition of helplessness, with a young chicken which runs about and picks up grain directly it is out of its shell. As analogous cases among plants, we may take the mangrove and the tobacco-plant. The ripe seed of the mangrove is not scattered abroad, but remains attached to the capsule still hanging on the mother plant. In this state the seeds germinate and the roots grow out and down to the sea-level, and the plant is not deserted by its mother until it has got well established in the mud. It is due to the young mangrove to say that the conditions of life against which it has to make a start are very hard on it. The

most intrepid seedling might well cling to its parent on finding that it was expected to germinate on soft mud daily flooded by the tide. Perhaps the same excuse may be offered for the helplessness of babies — the more complicated the conditions of life, the greater dependence must there be of offspring on parent.

Now compare a young tobacco-plant with the mangrove. All the help the seedling tobacco receives from its parent is a very small supply of food; this it uses up in forming its first pair of leaves; it has then nothing left by way of reserve, but must depend on its own exertions for subsistence. By its own exertions I mean its power of manufacturing starch (which is the great article of food required by plants) from the carbonic acid in the air. In this respect it is like a caterpillar which is formed from the contents of the egg, but has to get its own living as soon as it is born.

In many cases there is a certain degree of independence in young creatures, which are nevertheless largely dependent on their parents' help. Thus, young chickens, though able to feed themselves, depend on their mother for warmth and guidance. A somewhat parallel case may be found among plants. It has been shown that the large store of reserve material in a bean is not all needed for the development of the seedling. It has been proved that well-formed and flourishing seedlings are produced, even when a large part of the cotyledons has been removed. In fact, the store of food in the bean has been said to play a double part in the economy of the plant,* first, as giving absolutely necessary formative material, and secondly, as protecting the young plant in the struggle with other plants, by supplying it with food till it is well established and able to make its own food. This view was fully established by my father,† who sowed various kinds of seed among grass in order to observe the struggle; he found that peas and beans were able to make a vigorous start in growth, while many other young plants were killed off as soon as they germinated.

The young bean is thus indirectly protected by its mother from death, which the severe competition entails on less fortunate seedlings. This kind of protection can only in a certain general sense be com-

* See Morren, "*La Digestion Végétale*," Gand, 1876; and Pfeffer, "*Landwirth. Jahrb.*," 1877.

* Haberlandt, "*Schutzrichtungen in der Entwicklung der Keimpflanzen*," 1877, p. 29. The idea is quoted as originally given by Sachs, *Vienna Acad.*, xxxvii., 1859.

† See "Origin of Species," 6th edition, p. 60.

pared with the protection given by parent to offspring. Nevertheless, a more strictly parallel case may be found among animals. Certain fishes retain the yolk-bag, still containing a supply of food, and swim about leading an independent life, carrying this store with them. Among plants, a good case of a retention of a store of food occurs * in the oak. Young trees possessing woody stems and several leaves may still have an acorn underground with an unexhausted store of food.

In comparing the lives of plants and animals, one is struck with the different relation which the welfare of the race bears to the welfare of the individual. In plants it is far more obvious that the aim and object of existence is the perpetuation of the species. The striking and varied development of the reproductive organs in plants is one factor in this difference. Roughly speaking, plants strike us most by their flowers and seed — that is by organs serving the interest of the race. Animals are most striking on account of their movements, which are chiefly connected with the wants of the individual. If a child wants to know whether a stick *is* a stick or a caterpillar, he touches it, and if it walks off, classes it in the animal kingdom. Of course, I do not mean that the power of movement is a mark of distinction between animals and plants, but it certainly is a power which is well developed in most animals, and badly developed in most plants. It is the absence of locomotive powers (as opposed to the absence of simple movements) that especially characterizes most plants. One sees the meaning of this if one inquires into mode of life of stationary and of locomotive animals. Stationary animals either inhabit the water, or else are parasitic in habits, and live on tissues of plants or animals. In either case the absence of locomotion has the same meaning. Many aquatic animals derive their food from the minute organic particles floating in the water, so that even though they lead a stationary life, food will be brought to them by the currents in the water. Parasitic animals obtain their food directly from the juices or sap of their host, so that they do not need to move about as other animals do in search of food. In the same way plants live like parasites on the earth, penetrating it with their roots, and sucking out its juices; and their food — carbonic acid — is brought to them by the currents of the air, so that like both an aquatic and a par-

asitic animal, they have no need of locomotion, as far as concerns the obtaining of food.

In the case of many young animals their powers of locomotion would be useless unless the eggs were deposited by the mother in a proper place; one cannot imagine anything more forlorn than a caterpillar reared from an egg laid anywhere by chance, and expected to find its proper plant. The necessity of finding proper places to lay her eggs implies the necessity of locomotion on the part of the mother. This need of locomotion is, of course, equally a need to the plant, but it is supplied in a distributed way. The seeds themselves become locomotive; they either acquire plumes to fly on the wind like the seeds of dandelions or they become burrs and cling to passing animals, or are distributed in other ways. Various and strange are the means of transportal adopted by seeds; for instance, the acorn seems to distribute itself by deliberately trading on the carelessness of creatures which are usually considered its superiors in intelligence. Good evidence exists that young oaks which grow scattered in large number over a wide extent of wild, healthy land have sprung from the acorns accidentally dropped by passing rooks. In all these cases the young plant has to trust to chance as to what kind of soil it will be deposited in, and this of course accounts for the enormous number of seeds produced by plants. Some seeds are more fortunate in possessing a kind of mechanical choice or power of selecting suitable places to grow in. Many years ago my father described a plumed seed which, when damped, poured out a sticky substance capable of glueing the seed firmly to whatever touched it. Imagine such a plant blown by the wind over some sandy waste; nothing tends to stay its course till it happens to pass by a region where the soil is damper; then it sends out its sticky anchors, and thus comes to rest just where it has a chance of germinating favorably. Again, some seeds have a certain amount of locomotive power independent of such external agencies as wind or passing animals. I mean a power of burying themselves in the ground; the seeds of grasses are the best known of these self-burying seeds; and among them the feather-grass, or *Stipa pennata*, is the most conspicuous. These seeds possess a strong, sharp point, armed with a plume or tuft of recurved hairs, which act like the barbs of an arrow and prevent the seed from coming out again when it has once

* Haberlandt, p. 12.

penetrated the soil. This arrow-like point is fixed at the lower end of a strong awn, which has the remarkable property of twisting when dried and untwisting when wetted. Thus the mere alternations of damp nights and dry days cause the arrow-like point to rotate, and by another contrivance, which it would take too long to go into, the point is pressed against the surface of the ground and actually bores its way into it. Fritz Müller described in a letter to me how these twisting grass-seeds bury themselves in the extremely hard and dry soil of Brazil, and are thus no doubt enabled to germinate. Unfortunately these boring grass-seeds do not always confine themselves to penetrating the soil, but exercise their powers on both men and animals. I have received accounts from India and from Italy of the way in which the sharp pointed seeds work their way through thick trousers into the legs of unfortunate sportsmen. But the most extraordinary case is that of certain grasses which work their way into sheep. They often penetrate the skin deeply and in large numbers, inflicting great tortures, and often causing death by emaciation. Mr. Hinde, of Toronto, has given me the details of this plague to sheep-farmers as it occurs in Buenos Ayres. Another observer has described it in Australia.* He states that not unfrequently the seeds are found actually piercing the heart, liver, and kidneys of sheep which have died from the effects. I believe that the northern part of Queensland has been actually given up as a sheep country because of the presence of this grass.

Another use to which locomotion is applied by animals is that of finding a mate at the proper season. The curious imitation of the courtship of animals which is found in *Vallisneria* is well known. The stalk grows with extreme rapidity up through the water till the female flower reaches the surface, and there awaits the approach of the male flower, which breaks loose and floats down the stream to meet her. But most plants have not even this amount of locomotive power, and are therefore compelled to employ either the wind or insects as go-betweens. Fortunately for the beauty and sweetness of our woods and fields, insect fertilization is the commonest means adopted; and all the bright flowers and sweet smells of flowers are nothing but allurements held out to insects to entice them to carry the fertilizing pollen from one flower to another. It

is curious to find a plant adopting a new mode of conveying its pollen when the old one fails. Thus, a wild, cabbage-like plant which grows in Kerguelen's Land is now fertilized by the wind, that is, it produces dry, dust-like pollen, which is easily carried by the wind. Now this cabbage is the only species in the enormous order of the *Cruciferae* which is not fertilized by insects; so that we may be certain that a change has taken place for which some sufficient reason must exist. And the reason of the change is no doubt that the insects in Kerguelen's Land are wingless, and are therefore bad distributors of pollen. And to go one step further back, the reason why the insects are wingless is to be found in the prevalent high winds. Those insects which attempt to fly get blown out to sea, and only those are preserved which are gradually giving up the habit of flying. Thus the pollen of the cabbage has to learn to fly, because the insects will not fly for it.

In considering the analogies between plants and animals, one cannot merely compare those functions which are strictly and physiologically similar in the two kingdoms. One rather sets to work and studies the needs which arise in either a plant or an animal, and then discovers in what way the same need is supplied in the other kingdom. There is no connection between a plant having bright flowers and an animal's power of walking about, yet they may, as we have seen, play the same part in the economy of the two lives.

In the life of animals the first needs that arise are supplied by certain instinctive movements. The young chicken only escapes from its egg by some such movements. Mr. W. Marshall has also shown that the chrysalides of certain moths possess instinctive movements by which they escape from the cocoon or outer case. In one case a sharp spike is developed, sticking out from the side of the chrysalis, and as the latter rotates the spike saws the cocoon all round, so that the top lifts off like a lid. Again, in young chickens Spalding has shown the existence of an instinctive power of obtaining food, and instinctive recognition of the hen by sound only. This was proved by a newly-hatched chicken, which had never heard or seen its mother, running towards a cask under which a clucking hen was hidden. The powers of growth which exist in young seedlings would certainly be called instinctive if they existed in animals, and they are quite as indispensable as those

* C. Prentice, *Journal of Botany*, 1872, p. 22.

just mentioned in supplying the wants which first arise.

These two instincts are the power of directing the growth in relation to the force of gravity, and in relation to light; the first being called geotropism, the second heliotropism. As soon as the young root emerges from the seed-coats, it turns abruptly downwards, perceiving like the chick in what direction the earth, its mother, lies. Thus the young plant fixes itself firmly in the ground as quickly as possible, and is enabled to begin to make arrangements for its water-supply. At the same time the young stem grows upwards, and thus raises itself as much as possible over its neighbors. The power of directing itself vertically upwards is also a necessity to the plant, because without it no massive growth like that of a tree would be possible. It would be like a child trying to build a wooden house with bricks that did not stand straight. Thus, both the young stem and the young root have an instinctive knowledge as to where the centre of the earth is—one growing towards the point, the other directly away from it. This fact is so familiar to us, that we fail to think of it as wonderful; it seems a matter of course, like a stone falling or a cork floating on water. Yet we cannot even generalize the fact so far as to say it is the nature of all stems to grow up, and all roots to grow down, for some stems, such as the runner of a strawberry, have a strong wish to grow down instead of up, and side roots that spring from the main ones, though their method of growth is identical with that of the main roots, have no wish to grow downwards. We can find no structural reason at all why a root should grow down and a stem up. But we can see that if a plant took to burying its leaves and rearing its roots into the air, it would have a bad chance in the struggle for life. It is, in fact, the needs of existence which have impressed these modes of growth on the different organs of the plant in accordance with their various requirements. On the other hand, the plant is not absolutely tied down by geotropism, it is not bound to grow *always* in a vertical line, but is ready to be turned from its course if some other direction can be shown to be more advantageous. Thus Sachs* planted peas in a little sieve, and as the roots emerged underneath, they were enticed from the vertical by an oblique damp surface. This power of giving up the line of growth for the sake of a more advantageous position,

must be of great service to roots, by enabling them to choose out damp places in the earth which a blind adherence to rule would have caused them to pass by.

The other tendency, which may be also compared to an instinct, is the power possessed by the growing parts of plants of perceiving the position of the chief source of light. This tendency of course interferes with the geotropic tendency, for if the tip of a growing shoot bends towards the light it deviates from its vertical course. This contest between two instincts is well shown by placing a pot of seedlings close to a lamp or a window, in which case the heliotropic beats the geotropic tendency and the young plants curve strongly to the light; now if the pot is removed to a dark room the geotropic tendency reasserts itself, and the seedlings become once more upright. One might fancy from this that the darkness of night would be always undoing any good gained by heliotropic growth in the day. An imaginary case in the life of a seedling will show that it is not so. A seedling germinates under a pile of sticks: having few competitors it makes a good start, but in consequence of the darkness it begins to starve as soon as it has exhausted the supply of food given it by its mother plant stored up in the seed from which it sprang. It starves because it is dark under the pile of sticks, and without light it cannot decompose the carbonic acid of the air and make starch; carbonic acid may be said to be the raw material from which a plant makes its food, but without the help of the light the plant is powerless to make food—it starves in the midst of plenty. So that the power of knowing where the light is and of moving towards it may be just as necessary to prevent a young plant starving as the power of knowing a grain of corn when it sees one and of snapping it up are to a young chicken. Luckily for our imaginary plant a ray of light streams in between two sticks—if the plant insisted on growing straight up in obedience to the geotropic instinct it would lose its chance of life. Fortunately the other light-seeking instinct wins the day and the plant thrusts its summit between the sticks and reaches the light. And now it is clear that when the plant has once got between the sticks the tendency to straighten again in the night will not be able to undo the advantage gained in the day by heliotropism. Besides the tendency to seek the light, there is in some plants another exactly opposite tendency to grow away from it. Just as in the case

* "Text-Book of Botany," Eng. Tr., p. 764.

of geotropism no reason can be given why two organs should be affected in exactly an opposite manner by the same cause, no difference of structure can be perceived and no difference in manner of growth can be found between a tendril which grows away from the light and one which grows towards it. The convenience of the plant seems to dictate the result. Thus the Virginian creeper climbs by forming little sticky feet at the end of its tendrils, and as it climbs up a support each new tendril is enabled by its power of seeking for darkness rather than light to find out little dark crannies in which to place its feet. On the other hand a bryony climbs by seizing anything it can get hold of, and as each tendril reaches out towards the light the whole plant will tend to be dragged towards the lighter side of the bush or hedge on which it clammers.

It looks as if the case might be put thus: given the fact that light produces some kind of movement, the convenience of the plant shall decide whether it be towards the light or away from it; or in other words, grant the plant the power of knowing where the centre of the earth is, and grant it the power of knowing where the light comes from, then the plant itself can decide what course of growth is most advantageous.*

* I have spoken as if the existence of positive and negative helio- and geotropism could be simply explained by considering the convenience of the plant. But in details many difficulties arise; for instance, some roots are heliotropic. (Sachs' "Text-Book," p. 755.)

From The Spectator.

THE TOBACCO-TAX IN GERMANY.

IN spite of all the preoccupations in Germany, the tobacco-tax may almost be called the question of the day. It has a political as well as a financial aspect, and although the latter seems at first sight to be the most important, a little reflection will show that it is not much more so than the former. It is pretty well known by this time in England what is the nature of the proposal made by Prince Bismarck in this matter. He starts with the argument that the tobacco-duties in Germany are now lower than they need be, and he proposes to raise them accordingly, with a view to the benefit of the national exchequer. This alteration, moreover, he proposes to make by gradual and progressive steps. First, the cultivation and consumption of tobacco within the German

Empire is to be subjected to a higher impost; next, its importation will begin to be restricted by more onerous dues at the ports and frontiers, and last of all the reform would be completed by establishing a government monopoly such as exists in France and some other countries. The first of these steps is that which is now recommended, but it is pretty well understood by all parties in the German Parliament that it forms the basis of the more complete changes above described as likely to follow. Under these circumstances, it is not difficult to understand why a vehement opposition is expected, and indeed already apparent, on the part of the National Liberals. The effect of the complete scheme, when carried out, would be to strengthen immensely the hands of the central government, and to give it *pro tanto*, in as far as its financial resources were augmented, that which Charles II. and Louis XIV. used to call "a position independent of Parliament." This is exactly the sort of independence in which the National Liberals do not intend Bismarck to entrench himself, and they see, accordingly, in the chancellor's proposals and arguments, not so much a scheme for reorganizing the national finances, as a design to grasp more firmly the reins of arbitrary power, and depress the already weak representatives of popular election. As for the several states of the empire, they have an equal interest in resisting what they deem another attack upon their separate prerogatives, and a fresh means of aggrandizing the central authority at their expense.

Beset by such a host of adversaries as this, backed, as they are, by a solid grievance, and fortified by the natural unpopularity which the proposed tax must excite, it is obviously necessary for Prince Bismarck to show some very good grounds for his propositions. He does so by proving, in the first place, the absolute need of fresh supplies; and secondly, by attempting to make out that no other means of procuring these supplies is so easy, natural, just, and satisfactory as that which he suggests. He disposes at a blow of all ideas of an increase in direct taxation, by reverting to the well-known objections always urged against this sort of impost; and on the other four points — the justice of the tobacco-tax, its utility, its obviousness, and the facility with which it can be levied — he enters into details which may be grouped together and explained in a few words.

The assumption that Germany is under-

taxed in the matter of tobacco is not, of course, one about which there need be any doubt. The thing is a question of statistics, and the statistics show without possibility of doubt that on this first and essential point the chancellor has complete reason on his side. The duties upon tobacco in Germany amount to 12s. 2d. a cwt. for unmanufactured tobacco, £1 13s. 6d. for manufactured sorts; and about £3 for cigars. The only rates which are lower than these are those levied in Belgium and Holland, in which latter country they are so ridiculously small as to be hardly worth mentioning. Comparing rates current in other countries, it is found that they vary from about £2 in Denmark to £35 in Austria, if regard is had only to the unmanufactured leaf, while the duty on manufactured tobacco and cigars varies in a like proportion, some countries being, however, like Austria and England, far more indulgent to cigars, while others, like Russia, charge enormous rates for this luxury, but are comparatively lenient to simple tobacco. It may be taken as a thoroughly well-established fact, therefore, that the impost in Germany, whether resulting from import dues or internal taxation, is exceptionally low, and might be raised without at all violating any principles of abstract justice which a financier might choose to set up. With regard to the facility with which Germany could afford to pay a higher tax, there is little greater difficulty in giving an affirmative answer. No one who has ever travelled in a German railway-carriage, or sat an evening in a German students' club, will for one moment deny that Germans smoke too much. The excess of nicotine which they imbibe does not apparently damage their appetites nor perceptibly impair their vitality, but it makes them blind, and it makes them unhealthy, and makes them very unpleasant companions. It may be urged that to impose a tax would drive them only to smoke worse tobacco, and not to smoke less of it; but the argument is fallacious, for the simple reason that they could not procure worse. The cheapness of German tobacco and German cigars is such that no cheaper could be made, and the whole population smokes the cheapest that can be bought, leaving the superior sorts for princes, Englishmen, and Americans. To prove this fact, it is only necessary to examine the statistics of import into any German town, and observe what is the proportion of Cuban cigars to raw leaf and other cheap tobacco. To say that an augmentation of the tax would soon be

regarded only as a natural phenomenon, is only to describe one part of the modern Teuton's character. He has become used to changes of such infinitely greater dimensions, and has been taught by such severe lessons to acquiesce, that a change which would reduce the consumption of tobacco from twenty to fifteen pipes a day would certainly not be long before it was accepted, as an evil to be patiently borne in the great cause of the united fatherland.

We arrive at the question how far the proposed tax would fulfil its destined purpose in regenerating the national finances. And the simplest answer to this inquiry is to be found in the fact that the Germans are a nation of smokers. From the time when Frederick William I. started his tobacco-club till now, every soul in the country, from prince to peasant and from professor to schoolboy, is early broken to a love for tobacco, and persists in it to his dying day. The average consumption for each head of the population in 1873 was no less than five and one-half pounds in the year; and although this total sank in the year following to less than four pounds, there is a constant tendency to revert to the standard of consumption which in a temporary flush of prosperity has been attained. To provide tobacco for this enormous number of smokers, there are in cultivation in the empire some seventy-four thousand acres of land. The tobacco grown within the empire provides, practically speaking, for the whole needs of the consumers, for although Germany imports a vast quantity, notably of the inferior sorts, yet it exports annually in its turn a somewhat larger quantity, these exports being, of course, of a still coarser quality than that which is delivered at the ports. An estimate of the quantity of cigars and tobacco brought into Germany may be formed from a glance at the statistics of the port of Bremen, at which there paid duty in 1874 one million hundredweights of unmanufactured leaf, two hundred and fifteen thousand hundredweights of manufactured tobacco, and thirty-six and one-half millions of cigars, the number of the latter having suddenly decreased in that year from fifty-six millions, or thirty per cent. It must be admitted, however, that no other port in Germany shows anything like such figures, and probably all of them together do not import as large a quantity as Bremen alone. It results from these data that it will not require a great augmentation either in the excise or custom duties, or both together, to increase the German Imperial revenues by a very re-

spectable amount. By adding only one mark to the tax on the production or consumption of tobacco, and increasing the import duties in a like proportion, some two millions would be gained, while by doubling each of these imports the chancellor would obtain the two and a half millions upon which he seems to count.

This is, however, supposing that the consumption and importation of tobacco remained pretty much the same after the new taxes had been imposed as they were in the preceding years. Is there any reason to suppose that this would be the case? Herein lies the gist of this, as of most other fiscal projects. The Germans are, it is true, "a nation of smokers," but are they too securely wedded to the practice to be able to diminish the huge mass of tobacco which they burn every day and every year? Those who cultivate the plant in Wurtemberg and Baden and in the Prussian provinces make a living out of their labors, but they do not grow rich upon it. Would they continue the cultivation, if a new impediment were thrown in the way of their profits? On the other hand, are there not signs that the revenue from tobacco is precarious and insecure? We have seen that the consumption per man sank suddenly in one year from five and a half pounds to four pounds, and that in the same year the importation of cigars to Bremen declined from fifty-six millions to thirty-six and one-half millions. It may be added that the general revenue from tobacco sank in that same year (1874) from above thirty-three millions of thalers to very little over twenty-three millions. Whatever may be the various reasons alleged for those changes, one thing seems beyond dispute, — that the consumption of tobacco in the country is very fluctuating in its amount, and that the demand for it is very sensitive, and liable to be easily and seriously affected. Everything, or almost everything, that has been said upon the last subject is applicable to the proposal to establish an ultimate government monopoly. By undertaking the exclusive trade in tobacco, the government would, according to Prince Bismarck's calculation, make some twelve or fifteen millions sterling a year, instead of the comparatively petty revenue which it now derives from the duties. But to assume the exclusive privilege would be a very strong measure, and the boldest financier would not dream of attempting it at one stroke. The other countries where such a monopoly is enjoyed are France, Spain, Italy, and Turkey, and in these it has been established either by

slow steps, or very long ago. In France the monopoly was assumed by the government two hundred years ago, and only interrupted during the great Revolution, for a period of ten years. The French have acquiesced easily in the system, because they are rich enough to afford it, and are content to regard smoking as a luxury rather than a necessity. They do not grumble, because they have always been accustomed to the price they pay and the way in which they pay it, and in all questions of national finance that is most easy which has been longest regarded as the rule. It is a very different question whether a poorer nation, which regards tobacco as almost a prime necessity of life, would admit with ease or advantage a fiscal arrangement to which they are altogether unused, and against which the objections above mentioned, and perhaps a great many others, may be raised on every side. If it is to do so, it can only be by degrees, and after a course of gradual preparation. And this is the reason why Prince Bismarck has elected to begin with a very thin end of the wedge.

From The Spectator.

THE GARDENER BIRD.

IN the last number of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, a very curious account is translated for that journal, and illustrated with engravings by a traveller in New Guinea, — Signor Odoardi Beccari, — of a new species of bower-bird, very similar in its habits to the Australian bower-birds of which Mr. Darwin gives so striking an account in the second volume of his "Descent of Man." This new Papuan variety is called the *Amblyornis inornata*, and is, in fact, a bird of paradise in plain clothes, without the gorgeous costume that is usually associated with the name. It is, says Signor Beccari, about the size of the ordinary turtle-dove, and both the male and the female appear to have a plumage of the most unostentatious description, — their feathers only showing a few different varieties of brown. But it would be a very mistaken inference to suppose that bright coloring is not enjoyed and valued by these birds. They appear, indeed, to be birds of great capacity for the plastic arts. They are wonderful actors, — in the sense of presenting accurately the voices and notes of a great variety of other birds, so as to deceive completely those who are in search of them. "It is a clever bird,"

says Signor Beccari, "called by the inhabitants *buruck gurea*,—'master bird,'—since it imitates the songs and screamings of numerous birds so well, that it brought my hunters to despair, who were but too often misled by the bird. Another name of the bird is *tukan robon*, which means 'a gardener,'" and in fact, the chief peculiarity of the bird is its great taste for landscape gardening, in which art it seems to excel almost all the bower-birds. Signor Beccari apparently regards the bower he describes as the bird's "nest," but unless the New Guinea variety differs in this respect from the other kinds of birds of this description, he was probably mistaken in this. Mr. Darwin says distinctly, "The bowers, which, as we shall hereafter see, are highly decorated with feathers, shells, bones, and leaves, are built on the ground for the sole purpose of courtship, *for their nests are formed in trees.*" We should think it most likely that this is the case also with the New Guinea species. And if so, the beautiful arbors described and illustrated by Signor Beccari, are mere places of social resort, like our marquees or tents for picnics; and though so much more beautiful, are much more durable also, for Signor Beccari says that the amblyornis bowers last for three or four years, which our marquees, even in that climate, hardly would. And the beauty of the structure shows how far superior these birds are to human beings in their æsthetic architecture. They select for their bowers a flat space round a small tree, the stem of which is not thicker than a walking-stick, and clear of branches near the ground. Round this they build a cone of moss of the size of a man's hand, the object of which does not seem to be explained, but may be perhaps merely to make a soft cushion round the tree in parts where the birds are most likely to strike against it. At a little height above this moss cushion, and about two feet from the ground, they attach to the tree twigs of a particular orchid (*Dendrobium*), which grows in large tufts on the trunks and branches of trees, its twigs being very pliant, and weave them together, fastening them to the ground at a distance of about eighteen inches from the tree all round, leaving, of course, an opening by which the birds enter the arbor. Thus they make a conical arbor of some two feet in height, and three feet (on the ground) in diameter, with a wide ring round the moss cushion for promenading; and here they are sheltered from the elements, and have

a pavilion of the most delicate materials. They appear to select this particular orchid for their building, because, besides the extreme pliancy, the stalks and leaves live long after they are detached from the plant on which they grow. Both leaves and stalks remain fresh and beautiful, says Signor Beccari, for a very long period after they have been plaited in this way into the roofing of the arbor.

But *all* birds are great architects, and the only peculiarity in this respect of the bower-bird is that it builds separate structures for domestic life and for social amusement; that its house is not its pavilion for pleasure but a different kind of structure altogether. The bower-birds, however, are still more remarkable for laying out pleasantries round their pavilions, than even for building these special resorts for social amusement. The satin bower-bird, says Mr. Darwin, "collects gaily-colored articles, such as the blue tail-feathers of parakeets, bleached bones and shells, which it sticks between the twigs or arranges at the entrance. Mr. Gould found in one bower a neatly-worked stone tomahawk and a slip of blue cotton, evidently procured from a native encampment. These objects are continually rearranged and carried about by the birds whilst at play. The bower of the spotted bower-bird is 'beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that the heads nearly meet, and the decorations are very profuse.' Round stones are used to keep the grass-stems in their proper places, and to make divergent paths leading to the bower. The stones and shells are often brought from a great distance. The regent bird, as described by Mr. Ramsay, ornaments its short bower with bleached land-shells belonging to five or six species, and with 'berries of various colors, blue, red, and black, which give it, when fresh, a very pretty appearance. Besides these, there were several newly-picked leaves and young shoots of a pinkish color, the whole showing a decided taste for the beautiful.'" And now to this description is to be added Signor Beccari's description of the greatest of landscape gardeners amongst birds, who makes himself first a lawn of moss before the bower,—the Papuan grass, like all tropical grass, is probably of the poorest and coarsest kind, and quite incapable of anything like the velvet smoothness of an English lawn,—and then strews this mossy lawn with the most beautiful flowers and fruits it can find, so arranged as to produce the same effect as

the flower-bed of an English garden, or more exactly, perhaps, the flower-strewn turf of an English churchyard. The gardener bird is very careful to keep its lawn free from any disfigurement, and though it does not seem to have invented a garden roller, the moss probably is a material which does not need such an instrument. This is what Signor Beccari says: "Before the cottage there is a meadow of moss. This is brought to the spot, and kept free from grass, stones, or anything which would offend the eye. On this green turf, flowers and fruits of pretty color are placed, so as to form an elegant little garden. The greater part of the decoration is collected round the entrance to the nest, and it would appear that the husband offers there his daily gifts to his wife. The objects are very various, but always of vivid color. There were some fruits of a garcinia like a small-sized apple. Others were the fruits of gardenias of a deep-yellow color in the interior. I saw also small rosy fruits, probably of a scitamineaceous plant, and beautiful rosy flowers of a splendid new vaccinium (*Agapetes amblyornidis*). There were also fungi and mottled insects placed on the turf. As soon as the objects are faded, they are moved to the back of the hut." So that the gardener bird carefully renews the beauty of his garden. Just as the gardener takes away the flowers whose bloom is over, and replaces them with new ones whose beauty is still fresh, so the amblyornis removes to the back of its pavilion all the faded flowers and fruits, and renews the coloring on its lawn by a fresh supply. Thus at least three of the plastic arts are pursued by this remarkable bird, and all of them apparently from artistic feeling, rather than from any domestic want. As we have seen, it is a great actor, deceiving the most experienced ear, by rendering in turn the songs and screams of all its various companions. It is a great architect, and this, again,—if the analogy of the other bower-birds may be trusted,—not in the interest of family life, but of the lighter social amusements of its tribe. And it is a great gardener, making artificially for itself a lawn of moss, and disposing on this lawn all the beautiful coloring with which the blossoms and fruits of the neighborhood supply it. Signor Beccari contrasts its habits in this way with those of the human inhabitants of the neighborhood. "I discovered," he says, "that the inhabitants of Arfak did not follow the example of the amblyornis.

Their houses are quite inaccessible from dirt."

Indeed, the sense of beauty and of art which these bower-birds seem to possess is so great, that we may well imagine it possible that they may, to some extent, generalize upon the principles of art, and that amongst these plain, brown-clad birds of paradise there may be some germinal Burkes, or even rudimentary Ruskins. If such there be, what, we wonder, are the principles of beauty which recommend themselves to these winged devotees of the plastic arts? Do they, perhaps, believe, as our theorists upon art do, that there is no true art in imitation,—nor indeed without an expression of the mind of the artist? Would they not maintain, perhaps,—if they could expressly maintain anything,—that the key to a true picture consists in the bird-thought,—the "aviary element,"—which gives it unity; that the secret of beauty in their bowers, and mossy lawns, and in the flowers and fruits of various colors strewn thereupon, is never in the mere form and color, but rather in the explicit reference to the feelings of the brown birds which thus lay down their offerings, and the other brown birds to whose affections and hopes these offerings appeal? Our own artists assure us that landscape, however beautiful, is naught without the "human element" to give it meaning. Do the birds of paradise think the same,—substituting, of course, the "aviary" for the "human" element? When he looks at the Papuan forests and fruits, does the amblyornis think of them merely with a view to the nests or the bowers and gardens for which they are available? If he could picture nature as delicately as he can build, and as he can arrange color, would he find fault with any landscape in which there was nothing better than a human interest, unless indeed that human interest happened also to involve an "aviary" interest,—in other words, unless the men concerned were intending to bring about tragedies among the birds? Certainly, if the great artistic teachers of our own society are right, this should be so; and art should have a different meaning for each species of creature capable of conceiving in any degree what art means. Yet, so far as we can see, the ideas of beauty and art entertained by the bower-birds, though very rudimentary indeed, are entirely of one piece and one origin with the more developed ideas of the human race.

THE LEGITIMATE SPHERE OF AGNOSTICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

SIR, — Among the many hindrances to clearness of faith in these days, there is one which does not appear to me to be sufficiently recognized in its bearing upon the spiritual life. It is the vastness of the supply of materials for theory, and therefore for controversy, provided by the extraordinarily complete system of literary irritation, by which every house in the kingdom is saturated with daily information from all the ends of the earth about the doings and the sufferings, the struggles and the destinies, of some hundreds of millions of human beings. The mass of problems challenging our faith grows daily more unmanageably vast and intricate, while the intellectual and spiritual organs by which they must be dealt with are incapable of any corresponding increase of grasp. The mere demand upon our sympathies is exhausting (if not hardening), but when we are called upon not only to rejoice with thousands and to weep with millions, but to justify the ways of God towards nation after nation, according to each day's telegraphic reports of famine and slaughter, on pain of confessing that we have no sufficient reason for the faith that is in us, then it does seem to me that it is time for a resolute limitation of our jurisdiction.

Some recent discussions in your own columns have goaded me to enter this protest on behalf of those of your readers whose knowledge, like my own, is by no means as complete as might be wished. I believe there are many besides myself to whom (to speak only of the most external framework of knowledge) the history of China for the last three centuries is not much better known than its history for the next three, and who would be very sorry without due notice to enter an examination in the histories of Russia and Turkey, in the provisions of the American Constitution, on the relations between France and Germany for the last few centuries, not to mention many facts in the history of Austria, of Italy, of Denmark, of Prussia, and of the British possessions in India, a knowledge of which would be essential to any true judgment upon the right and wrong of the most exciting events of the last twenty years. Yet all these events are forced upon the imagination with a vividness and minuteness of detail which make havoc of our impartiality, and cast the sense of our ignorance to the winds. The most peaceable of recluses can find

no shelter from the din of battle; the most stay-at-home of women cannot shut her eyes to the horrors of Oriental famine and pestilence. And not only are the events themselves daily and almost hourly brought home to us, and often strangely jumbled in our half-educated minds, but all sorts of questions arising out of them are discussed in every newspaper, at every table, almost in every morning call. Questions which a generation or two ago were reserved for the deepest study of the wise and prudent are now debated by every babe without any study at all, and if we have not a ready answer for every difficulty, our neighbors are apt to make short work with our faith.

I do not complain of this. Accusation and reply are often about equally shallow, and if we choose to discuss the attributes of the Creator in the columns of our newspapers, and to plead before the editor that the Lord's ways are equal, we cannot complain of any incidental shocks to our reverence. What I wish to suggest is that it is altogether idle to suppose that when the premises are utterly beyond our grasp, our conclusions can be worth anything, and that the battle between faith and agnosticism (if that be the proper opposition) must by most of us be fought upon a narrower field, if it is to be fought to any purpose. If the battle-field be the universe, agnosticism is the only condition of mind possible to limited mortals. But if the battle-field be the human heart, and my own trust all that I am called upon to justify, then surely the wars and rumors of wars, the pestilences and famines, the vast surrounding atmosphere of suffering and perplexity and evil in every form to which I may not shut my eyes, are yet, with all their infinite actual importance, only secondary, in point of relevance and logical impact, to the experience of pain and sin derived from my own narrow struggles. The only faith which cannot be touched by difficulties suggested from without, is that which springs from a victory won within, and the best use of our unlimited exposure to attack is to enforce a more perfect inward discipline. Giving up the attempt to "solve the riddle of the painful earth," not because we see it to be insoluble, but because we see ourselves to be incompetent, we may yet learn, in the words of one of your own recent contributors, that

Each interprets for the whole
When he learns his destiny.

I am, Sir, etc.,

M.